

SERIOUS.



THE SERIOUS POEMS

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THOMAS HOOD.

WITH A PREFACE BY

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER

A NEW EDITION



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P REFACE

During their infetime of Thomas Hood is public wild most probably have been urprised tself hear of an addition of his serious He is east. Until within a short me of lister eath he was chiefly, if not entirely, the companient to facile rhyme. Of late years ampler justice has been awarded to him, and—although lie will never be forgotten as a great comic writer, for that would be impossible—his reputation is now mainly based upon his graver works.

This, if we may judge from the story of his literary career, would seem to be the position he himself desired to achieve. His wit was the play of a delicate fancy, that was a Ariel of a kindly and con-

tented disposition, a cheerfulne the buffets of adversity and ill an undaunted smile. The mor of his genius, the true 1 within him, was what he to found his name upon. writings pleased the public the supply was kept up; for ' lived by thepen. "Whims a were the natural outpourings disposition, while "Lycus, of the Midsummer Fairies." and Leander," were a love for poetry, which eash peare and the writers of the age for special worship.

It would seem to be a type this man, compelled to jing) a che ba, when he would fain have touched the lyre, that it was in the comic pages of Punch that he found publication for "The Song of Shirt!"

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," with other poems, all serious, was published in 1827, but fell almost stillbom from the press. The poet bought up the remainder sheets of the edition himself, '7' save it."

as he said, "from the butter-shops." It may be fairly questioned whether he would ever have so taxed his slender means to ave any of his comic writings had they hanced to be thus neglected.

This is not intended to depreciate his besition as a wit—in that respect he stands unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled—it is an assertion that as far as may be judged from his life, Hood's ambition was to take a place among the poets, and that to place his serious writings first in any collection is to do what he would have wished done himself.

He is recognised as a poet now, and a master of patnos. In his life the popular taste compelled him to lay aside the tragic lyre too often. Wit was the keen sickle wherewith he was to reap his daily bread, and—not without perhaps a feeling of disappointment—he bent to his task, and plied the keen blade, until his hand grew deft at its employment, and its use became a habit. Only, then, just as when a pearant, roused by a strong sense of injustice, flies to take the field against the oppressor, and arms himself with the

familiar reaping hook on a pike handle, the ppet going to battle against the wrong used his strange weapon with unexpected effect, and surprised friends and foes alike with the flashing of unfamiliar wit ami the sternest passages.

It is this that lends a peculiar charm Hood's writings. At the moment when the solemnity of his subject thicatens to wring the tense hearts lings too power fully, some vivid plase if fancy alguages across the gloom and his it take as the sense by its rear suddenness rather intensifies than weakens the effect of the sombre verse

In like monner the trade poetry within him would occurred to make itself heard through the dan mousies the would demanded of home the long seems at times to end in the chelong of a sobolis genius is wild and wayward therefore but his bent was beyond a doubt serious. His face—as he somewhere says—lends a countenance to this conclusion.

It is needless to say the daring of such writing as this threw the critics anto a flutter. It is to be feared that as a rule

they are most easily offended at novelty:-hence commonplace is allowed to go unsouthed while originality rarely fails no make a few foes at least, and many faultfinders. If the lavish-almost recklessdisplay of punnings, quips, contortions and whims, which formed the peculiarity of his professedly comic writings, was gravely reprehended, it was not likely that his muse, who, instead of giving the immobility of the tragic mask allowed us to see the worlings of a human face, with statles and tears centending, would escape The good sense of an age that censure. prefers acting which copies rature, to the stilted declamation of the old stage, has corrected this errorecus verdict of the critics, although there is an instance on record of a modern writer who remodelled a poem of Hood's by omitting a couple of stanzas which he thought "rather ingenious than poetical.' Such a mind could never appreciate the peculiarity of Hood's genius, which combined the quaint . with the pathetic, not only in his writings, but in his life, with such rare instinctive delicacy that the conjunction surprises

but does not shock. A deathbed-jest was not the thing we should expect of Hood; and he made none. The quality of hic wit had a tinge of melancholy, and one rather sighs than smiles to read how, in his last illness, when a sinapism was being applied to his wasted chest, he turned to his wife with—"It seems a great deal of mustard for so very little meat!"

This blending of the grave with the jar, this strangely compounded essences fhuman nature, which pervades Hood's writings. makes it no easy task to class his writings under the heads of "serious" and "comic." There are, it is true, some which stand distinctly as the oprosite voles, of which we can say without hesitating "this is serious," "this is come?" But the land which divides these poles is a wide borderland, and it is almost impossible in many cases to decide to which limit we are to assign a poem:-take for instance "Miss Kilmansegg," with such earnest work, and such play on words, and on thoughts too, for Hood's are a play of sense as well as sound. A stanza or two from "Miss

Kilmansegg "will exemplify the meaning of this statement.

"Into this world we come like ships, Launched from the docks and stocks and slips, For fortune fair or fatal; And one little craft is cast away. In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay, While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars record
This hobe to be hilled and wood as a lond,
And that to be shirted as a keper!
One to the word's wine, honey and coin,
Another, like Colche hat's native, born
To its vinegar only and proper.

"And the other ses, the tender the fair,
What wide receives of fate are three;
While Margaret charmed by a halfed race.
In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Pepgy hawks nosernys from street to street
Till, think of that, who find life so sweet!
She hates the smell of roses,"

Is this serious or comic? The balance is held to a nicety, and it is this nicety which constitutes the poet's strength. His appreciation of the ludicrous is so keen that he knows not only how to use his

far.cy in conjunction with his serious power, but he knows how to limit it, and to avoid where necessary the suggestion of the ridiculous. The lack of the sense to achieve this last is the thing that has occasionally disfigured very fine poems with passages which their writer intended to be serious, but which, by sheer incongruity suggest some strange and irresistibly comic idea to the mind of a reader with any feeling for humour.

Of mannerism in the form into which he moulded his fancy there is little trace in the writings of Thomas Hood. His modes of utterance were not limited. his choice of them was no timid one, his mastery of expression was complete. The selection of the metre for "The Bridge of Sighs," is an instance of this. In any but skilled hands the peculiar mascure would have been a certain source of failure; it would have broken into a jog-trot. It heightens the effect of Hood's poem. A smaller man would have overstept the limit of the sublime.

In his serious poems the variety of style is very noticeable. In his early works the

influence of his admiration for the old poets is traceable, "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Lyous," and "Hero and Leander" are among these. Written a little later, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," one of the most intensely dramatic of his writings, is as different in style as "The Haunted House," or that series of poems of which "The Song of the Shirt" was the earliest, and "The Bridge of Sighs" perhaps the best.

The appearance of The Song of the Shirt" was undoubtedly the first thing that drew general attention to Hood as a serious poet of great power. Its success was immense and immediate, and its author was not unnaturally proud of it, and of the good it worked for those on whose behalf it was written. There are however among his writings many other poems by which, even for originality of theme and treatment, he could as plainly prove his title to an equally high position among English poets.

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HOOD'S POEMS.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

"Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and twenty happy boys
Came bounding not of school;
There were some that i or and some that feapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with games more counts,
And souls unroughed by sur;
To a level me all they came, and there
They drave the wickets in.
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they 'm,—

Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all
A melancholy man'

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

His hat was off, his vest apart,

To catch heaven's biessed breeze's

For a burning thought was in his brow,

And his bosom if at ease:

So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read

The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,

Nor ever glanced aside,

For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp

He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"Oh, God! could too else my mind,
And clasp! t with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Rômance or fairy fable?

Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"

The young boy gave an upward glance,"It is 'The Death of Abel.

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain.—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlow,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men Shriek upward from the sod,— Aye, how the ghostly hand whi point To show the burial clod; And unknown facts of guilty acts Are seen in dreams from God!

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

He told how murderers walk the earth Beneath the curse of Cain,— With crimson clouds before their eyes, And flames about their brain: For blood has left upon their souls Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, wee, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in my dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said i, this man shall die,
And I will have hu, gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick.

And one with a heavy stone,

One berried gash with a hasty knife.

And then the deed was done:

There was nothing lying at my foot

But lifeless flesh and none!

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo I the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"Oh, God! it made me quake to see Such sense within the slain! But when I touch'd the lifeless clay, The blood gush'd out amain! For every clot, a burning spot Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal, My heart as solid ice; My wretched, wretched soul, I knew, Was at the Devil's price; A dozen times I groan'd; the dead Had never groan'd but twice!

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as irk,
The depth was so extreme:—

And hide it from my sight!"

My gentle boy, remember this

Is nothing but a dream!

*Down went the corse with a hellow plunge,
And vanished in the pool!

Anon I cleansed my bleedy hands,
And wash'd my forchedd cool,
And sat among the tachins young,
That evening in the school.

"Oh, heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd
'Mid holy Cherubim!

- "And peace went with them, one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread;
 But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed;
 And drew my midnight curtains round,
 With fingers bloody sed!
- "All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep;
 My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
 But stared agnast at Sleep;
 For Sin had render'd unto her
 The keys of Hell to keep!
- "All night I lay in ageny,
 From weary clame to chime,
 With one besetting bordid hint,
 That rack'd me all the time;
 A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime!
- "One stern tyrannic thought, that made All other thoughts in slave; Stronger and stronger every pulse Did that temptation crave,— Still urging me to go and see The Dead Man in nis grave?

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

- "Heavily I rose up, as soon

 As light was in the sky,

 And sought the black accursed pool
 With a wild misgiving eye;

 And I saw the Dead in the river bec.

 For the faithless stream was dry.
- "Merrily rose the lark, and shook
 The dew-drop from its wing:
 But I never mark'd its morning flight,
 I never heard it sing:
 For I was stooping once again
 Under the hearid thing.
- "With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
 I took him up and ran;—
 There was no time to dip a grave
 Before the day began.
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
 I hid the nurder'd man!
- "And all that day I rend in school,
 But my thought was other-where.
 As soon as the mid-day task was done,
 In secret I was there:
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves.
 And still the corse was bare!

- * Then down I cast me on my face,
 And first began to weep,
 For I knew my secret then was one
 That earth refused to keep:
 Or land or sea, though he should be
 Ten thousand fathoms deep.
 - "So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
 Till blood for blood atones!

 Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
 And trodden down with stones,

 And years have forted off his flesh,—
 The world shall see his bones!
 - "Oh, God! that hordd, borrid dream
 Besets me now awake!
 Again—again, with dizzy brain,
 The human lite I take;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake.
- "And still no peace for the restless clay,
 Will wave or mould allow;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
 It stands before me now!"
 The fearful Boy look'd up and saw
 Thuge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin evelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gives upon his wrist.

FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fait Jues?
She's gone into the Weet,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines, Before the fall of night, For fear the moon should shine alone, and stars unrivall'd bright;

PAIR INES.

And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against tny cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair lines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble grademen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a becauseous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Inco,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;

But some were sad and felt no mirth, But only Music's wrong, In sounds that sang "Farewell, Farewell, To her you've loved so long."

Farewell, farewell, fair lnes,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck.
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover a hourt
Has broken many more!

THE DEATH BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night, breathing soft and low, As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and tro.

So silently we seem'd to speak, So slowly moved about, As we had lent her half our powers To eke her living out. Our very hopes belied our fears.
Our fears our hones belied.—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died

For when the morn came d m and ad,

And chul with any ho

Her quiet exclide (> d - 1 c 1 - 1

Another month nours

SONO

There is less for the flow et

And honevi tll

Anllower t c lll,

And leve tory starline

There are tears for the 1 any
And pleasure for the few,
But let the world pass on, dear,
There s love for m. and you.

AUTUMN.

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he todying;
Old Age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping;
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wate,

There is nothing adorning,

The night has no eve,

And the day has no morning;

Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
I ne little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had berne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the fily-cups,
Those flower, made of light!
The filacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburoum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so beavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their stender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a children in ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I m further off from Heav'n
Than when I are boy.

THE POET'S PORTION.

What is a mine- a frea up- a dower-A magic tal man of mighty power?

A poets while possession of the cart. He has the corporate that were shirth Before to I udding--ere the I raised traiks, And Whiter council to blum of their cheeks.

Look—it he dawn lengt as other men's l' I wenty bright flushes—ere another kens I he first of sunlight is abroad—he sees Its golden 'lection of the topmo t trees, And opes the splendid fissures of the morn. When do his fruits delay, when doth his corn Linger for harvesting? Before the leaf is commonly abroad, in his pil'd sheaf The flagging poppies lose their ancient flame.

No sweet there is, no pheasure I can name,
But he will sip it first—before the less
"Tis his to taste rich honey—ere the less
Are busy with the brooms—He may forestill
June's rosy advent for his coronal,
Before th' expectant luds upon the bough,
Twining his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.

Oh! blest to see the flower in its seed,
Before its leafy presence for in ed
Leaves are but wing sen which the summer thes,
As death thing reashable facts and dies,
Escaped in though a but his rich thinkings to
Like overflows of immortally
So that what there is steeped shall perish never
But live and bloom and to all yit in ever.

BIANCA'S DREAM

With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Enpytion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shope,

A thousand breast, were kindled into flame;

Maidens who caused her looks forgot their own,

And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she can
All hearts indeed were conquered but her own,

Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our laberdastier's hints,
She might have write nover it,—"From Flints."

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,

At least in Venice—where with eyes of brow

Tenderly languid, ladies soldom vex

An amorous gentle with a needless frown:

Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,

And Love at casements climbeth up and down.

Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind, o

Some have considered a Venetian blind

At it to show that Love had made him amart

All over—and not merely round his heart.

The twisted cypher of her maiden name.

The twisted cypher of her maiden name.

The twisted cypher of her maiden name.

No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,

Except the Diyads, those old maids that grow

In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,

And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,

And sang in quavers how his heart was split,

Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;

the mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,

and slashed his suit so that it match'd his sleeve,

til he grew silent at the vesper star,

and quite despairing hamstring'd his guitar.

Banca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet.
But his was red within him, like the core
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he long'd internally to pour
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burning he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth,—and put the crater out

Meanwhile he wasted in the eves of men,
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's dear-so pale—and then
He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree:
The life of man is three-score years and ten,
But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said escated grew stronger,
"It could not shorter his poor life—much longer."

For why, he neither shipt, nor drank, nor fed,
Nor relish d any kind of mirth below

Fire in his heart, and freuzy in his head,
Love had become his universal foe,
Salt in his sugars—nightmare in his bed;
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
O sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of hope,—made up his mind to cut her girfth

For highless lovers always died of old,

Somet than chew reflection's bitter cud;

So Thinke stuck herself, what time 'tis told,

The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;
Add so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,

Drown'd her salt rear-drops in a salter flood,

Their fame still breathing, the their death be past,

For those old saiters lived beyond their last.

So fullo went to drown,—when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once, he pull'd a trigger at his skull.
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once, his hopeless being to annul

He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath—
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether

Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
His sorrows through—'tis herrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
That Dun of all the duns to satisfy;
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
To leath's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where wen all our personals must go

So Julio lived:—'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that Time would some day get
The better of Lave's flame, however bright;
A thing that Time has never compass'd yet,
For Love, we know, is an immortal light;
Like that old fin, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out

Meanwhile, Biruca dream'd— twas once when Migar Along the darker, dipido beneries every.

Like a young Hortcoter, whose gos are might,

Althor in skile on every a few and regular.

The flowers had continue to provide a copy light.

Was gone, for the first of the leave to skep,

And all the little United did light hoods.

Under their wing s—sileting area time? dis.

Lone in her chamber ser, the conserved maid,

By easy state quanting threath her prayers,

But listing a desking to a warende,

That robbid the saints all the of their shares;

For Jalio underneight the lattice play'd

His Deb Viens, and such amonous airs,

Born only underneight Italian skies,

Where every foldle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the time—the words were even sweeter—
Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre.

The hackney poets "overchaip other für."
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer;
Her brow with Greece Holen's in the company Cupid, alast was crud Sigiraria.
Julio—the weeping water-may Agontius.

Now, after listing to anch landing raw,
"Twas very mention in the latin no..."
When it she did prop no conclust purple.
"To ask her mirror that it was a relieved."
"Twas a large mirror, note the waster was a Reflecting from a time to the more than a factor.

And there she can depose that the general rack."

And long her lovely eyes were held in the all,

By that dear page values for the woman reads:
That Julio was no flatther, some at all,

She told herself—and the estate told her heads;
Meanwhile, the nerves in results let all.

Two curtains fance the the lift breeds:
For sleep had crept and elected her unswees,
Just at the half-way indefence of her prayes.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,

Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed;

But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,

That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,

A beauty bright as it was wont to be,

A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed:

Tis very natural, some people say,

To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shout her face - y throughout the same.

But 'gan some divery touches to assume.

And sadder thoughts with sadder through came—

Her eyes resigned their folds, her lips their bloom.

Her teeth fell out by the sanded the same.

Her chesis were diaged with tell, her eyes with thems.

There was a throbby, at her least within, For, oh! there was a docting in her cala-

And lo! upon her sad desponency brow,

The cruel trenches of he leging age,

With scame, but most unseemly, 'gracto show

Her place was bookin. I or the seventh stage;

And where her rayer trees used to flow,

Some locks that 'Time had left her in his rage,

And some mock singlets, made her forchead shawy,

A compound (like our Psalms) of Tite and Braidy

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
Draws in the nape, and pulles forth the snort,
Makes backs and stomachs concrete errorses:
Witness those pensioners call i line of l'Out,
Who all day watching tast and seemal rater.
Quaintly unbend them closs—but one was a straighter.

So Time with fire Legac scale, and made

Her shape a bow that or re was like an arrow;

His from bond upon the result be both.

And twisted all away her two or early own?

In truth it was a change — shap and check.

The holy Pope before here he typow me row,

But spectacles and pulsy seemed to make her

Something between a Glassite and a Oraker.

Fier grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme.

And she had ample reason for her trouble;

For what sad maiden can endure to seem

Set in for singleness, though growing double?

The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,

Grown thin by getting Higger, like a bubble,

Burst,*—but still left some tragments of its size,

That like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score:
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four;
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozen more;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,

By twenty she had quite resounced the veil;

She thought of Julio just at recenty-one,

And thirty made her very sad and pale,

To paint that ruin veher, her charms would run;

At forty all the maid began to tail.

And thought no bigger, as the late eream cross'd her,

Of single biessednes, than angle Glister.

And so Biarca changed; the next sweet even,
With culio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and ste littily—the hour, cleven,
Just sounding from the tower of old St. Mark;
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
Perchance rejicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing check,—for Julio brought her.
Of course, to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind "
To open;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinchmed;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind;
However, he contrived by hats to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Groped from a long-nack'd bottle with a fork,

But love is still the quickest of all readers;
And Julio spent herides those fires profuse.
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders.
In help of language are scapt to use an Arms, shoulders, ringers, all were interceded.
Nods, shrugs, and bene's. Brence could not enoose But soften to his stirt with more facility.
He told his story with so much agility.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,"
(So he began at last to speak or quote;)
"Be thou my bark, and I thy condolier,"
(For passion takes this figurative note;)
"Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
"Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote;
My lily be, and I will be thy tiver;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

This, with more tender logic of the kind,

He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,

That timidly against his lips inclined;

Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere.

That even now began to steal behind

A dewy vapour, which was linguing near,

Wherein the dall moon crept all dim and pale,

Just like a vingin putting on the veil :---

Bidding adiculto aliber spiks - the stars.

That cist had who had divershipped in her train,

Saturn and Hespera, and the flant Mars.—

Never to flot water can diveye again.

Meanwhile, remindred it the convent bans.

Bianca ile not worth these signs in vain,

But mind to dince at the dark colupse.

With words, like verted kilsen, but her tips.

He took the lant full specifig, and back'd

By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,

Bestow'd a sementing on her cheek that smack'd

(Though quite in sile see of ambrosial sweetness;

That made her think all other kisses lack'd

Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness;

Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,

Insipid things—like sandwiches of yeal.

He sook her hand, and soon she felt him wring
The pretty fingers all instead of one;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
About her waist that had been clapfed by none:
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
Since cold description would but be correct;
For bliss and Irish wateless have the power,
In twenty minutes, to look half an hook

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW,

On, when I was a to y to y,

My day sand rights were full of pay,

My mates were blithe and kind!—

No wonder that I sometime sigh,

And dash the tear-toop from my eye,

To cast a look helind!

A hoop was an eterrele round

Of pleasure. In the c days I found

A top a logous thing:

But now those past delights I drop,

My head, alas' is all my top,

And careful thoughts the string.

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whits I, a sort of Pravolin, drew
My pleasere from the sky!
"Twas paper'd o'ce with enalrous themes,
The tasks I wrote—ray pres, of dicams
Will nevel sour o 13, to

My loys are wingle wall and dead;
My demos are made of more than lead;
My thights seen find a fail;
My fe us prevail, not tenere droop,
Joy never cometh with a loop
And seldom with a cut?

My Gotball slaid upon the shelf,
I am a shutticook muself
The world knocks to end fro;
My archery is a tunleam'd,
And goot (gairst myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head 's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to tight.
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chim that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sight:
On this I will not dwell and hang,—
The changeling would not feel a ping.
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies to libre or so seren.

As then, --no le wes took half so green
As clothed the playground tree!

All things I loved are alter'd so,
Not does it ease my heart to know

That change resides in me!

Oh for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of conduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er decin'd in ill—
Itaniy let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the riband round the neck!
The careless dogs'-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh for that small, small beer anew!

And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue.

That wash d my sweet meals down;

The master eten!—and that small Turk.

That fagg'd me!—were as now my work—A fag for all not town!

Oh for the lessons learn'd by heart!

Ay, though the very birch's smart
Shorod mack those hears grain.

Pd "Ki's the red," and be esign'd

Beneath the strong and even mid

Some sugar in the cone?

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dicams, and look'd and talk'd
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The omne bene—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame - a deal of empty praise;
Vithout the silver pen!

The "home, sweet home" he crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the lend appear home
The winding home like rem. !
The meeting sweet the made me thrill.
The sweeternats, direct sweeter still.
No factor'teel or par 1!—

When that I was a five hop.

My days and nights were full of joy.

My mates were furthe and (full)

No wonder that I same closes uply.

And dash the fear-drog from my eye,

To east a look behind?

RUTU.

See stood breast high amid the core Clasp'd by the golden light of more, Eike the sweetheart of the star, Who many a glowing kee had you. On her cheek an autumn flush, Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, Which were blackest none could tell, But long lashes veil'd a light, That had else been all too bright,

And her hat, with shady brim,

Made her treasy forcheed dun;

Thus she stood until the stooks,

Praising God with sweetest looks:

Sinc, i sid. Hea be did not mean, Where a responding shouldst but grean, Lay stry sheat adown and come, Share hey harvest and my home.

ODE TO MULANCHOLY.

Cost., It is set our careful breasts, Like Philomel, against the thorn, To aggravate the inward grief, That mai es her accents so forlorn; The world has many cruel points, Whereig our bosoms have been torn, And there are dainty themes of grief, In sadness to outlast the morn,— True honour's dearth, affection's death, Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn, With all the pitcons tales that tears Have water'd since the world was born.

The world!—it is a wilderness,
Where trais are build on every tree;
For thus my givenry plantary
Makes all things weep with me!
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no clouds he;
Grief is enough to blot die ese
And make heaver black wellerings.

Why should to design, such many notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their threads,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pear our beart, the more
With her sad inclosiv.
Why shines the Sun, or east that he
Makes gloomy node for strict to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win as back again,

Whilst man is made of his own grave, And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I've look'd on all
As creatures doom'd to fail!
Why do but sope except to die?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks:
And obschool grackly three doth fly
To being decellibe wants history!
Minutes have the same killer!
Minutes have the same killer!
An age positis but a thought!

Ay, let us tail k of him while.
That, with so clin be, shoot.
Rowe do is cleated to be of the fire har most, and for one to be of soos a tomb.
There's does now year any skull.
To charge with black a caven plume;
An a for the sadde t fineral thoughts. A winding short high ample from,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style, thath write the common doom.
How wive the yew-tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if is tract it wept for them,

The many human families
That sleep around its stem!

How rold the dead have made these stones, With natural drops kept ever weet Lo! here the best-the war se-the world Doth now remember or forget, Are in one common tune halfet, And love and lette are calculy men; The level of eyes that ever shoae, The fairest land and locks of get In 't not crot, h to vek out souls. And fill our eyes, that we have set Our love upon a non-kill, On hearts, por colored Blue eyes, a d charles, are finite yet. And some itees at tran swift decay Beforchar! we must not. The roses had and blocon again, But Love may haent the grave of Love, And watch the mould in vaisa

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine, And do not take my teats amis; For tears must flow to wash away A thought that shows so stern as this: Forgive, if somewhile I lorget, In woe to come, the present bliss.

As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis:
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss—
The sunnlest things throw sternest shade,
And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart affold!

Now let us with a spell myoke The fall-orlid moon to grieve our eyes; Not bright, not bright, out, with a cloud Lapp'd all about her, act her rise All pale and dirt, as il home rest The ghost of the fate buried sur-Had crept in the states. The Moon, the is the source of sight, The very fact to at he me sal, If but to thank to or ser times The - me c ho good bak the nate As a the world ladd no line base. Of vile and mean, of three and had; The same fair by at thot same in streams, The lairy loop that chain dithe lad; For so it is, with spent delights She taunts men's bring , and makes them mad.

All thougs are tench'd with Melancholy, Born or the secret soul's mistrust, To feel her fair othereal wings Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust; Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in most.
O give her, then, her tribute jost,
Her sighs and tears, and musines bely;
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idior laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to north,
But has its chord in Melaucholy.

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Went has those end departed Banke,
All chivations romotic work
Is ended now and past! —
That iron age.—which some have thought
Of metal rather everwrought.—
Is now all over est!

Ay! where are those here ic knights

Of old—those armadilio wights

Who wore the plated vest?—

Great Charlemagne and all his peers

Afe cold—enjoying with their spears

An everlasting rest!

40 LAMENT POR DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclát!
O, Time has pluch'd the plumy brow!
And none engage at tourneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o'Gaunt i spite gone by,

And Guy is nothing but a Gay,

Orlando he rollern' —

Bold Sidney, and his ke lovess may,

Those stearly chang for "is what are they

But began, wellout a mora?

No Percy to tak now per eyere,

Life those of old, in the king optars—

"La mame is now a ne"

Someons, alone type: chaoce,

Are all that exercise a lance

"To coach a born" eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
O, it would warm them in a trice,
H they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

LAMENT FOR DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy well!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great Sixtadin,
But only grow the small!

Our Creets, too, have dwinded since.
To penny times sar our black Prince.
Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had.
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad.
And measure took bins off!

Where are those old and fend it clear,
Then pines, and rolls and particular,
Then handarks, jerkins, brills?
A battle was a battle ther,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs.

The curtal-axe is out of date;
The good old crossbow bends—to Fate;
"Tis gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen tide, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft!

42 LAMENT FOR DECLINE OF CHIVALRY

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear is laid aside,—
O, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
Go ask a Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,

Bestowing hand coll—with our fists,

A low and vulgar art!

No mounted man is weethrown.

A tilt it is a flung mis nown.

Except your asset?

Medocks is onthe "converge barb,
Clad like the converge to the epipares."

If on some open in the epipares.
Methics I have the enable testic,
"To but the pured on Force,
That buffes the 9 beforee."

In casts when will cavalier

Set ringing beinets by the ears,

And scatter phases about?

Or blood—if they are in the vein?

That tap will never run again—

Alis! the Casque is out!

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER. 43

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place-Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile before they kill a triend,
To labour through his case

Farewell, then, uncient inco or adjekt!

Crusader, creant squice, and knight!

Our coat, and custom soften;

To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in many-iron sleep.

As in a safety codin!

TO A CHILD EMERACING HIS MOTHER

Love thy mother, little one!

Kiss and clasp her neck agon, ...

Hereafter she may have a son

Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.

Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living tyes,

And mirror back her love for thee,—

Hereafter thou mayst sludder sighs

To meet them when they cannot see.

Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With leve that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hah!

Although it be not silver-grey;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May sartch save one dear lock away.

Oh! revere her raven hait!

Pray for her at every a morn,
That Hencer may long the stroke defer,—
For their may a like the hour heldern
When thou will ask to die with her.
Proy for her at everyal morn!

TO

COMPOSED AT ESTTLEPAM.

I daze upor a city,—
A city new and strange,—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;

From side to side I saunter, And wonder where I am; And can you be in England, And I at Rotterdan!

Before me lie dark waters
In broad can de and deep.
Whereon the silver moonless ins
Sleep, reades in their leep;
A sort of vult ar Venice
Reminds the where I am:
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with spaint, alles. Where frequent windows mine, And quive that said to tridges, And tree in formal line, And mark of spicy vessels. From western Smin on. All tell me you're in England, But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,

Declares that you're in England, And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my saham;
Who tells me you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterlam.

The coffee toom is open—
I mingle in its crowd.—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahe raise a cloud;
The flavour, none of Pearon's.
That immgles with any dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdom.

Then here it goes, a bumper— The toast it shall be mine, In Schiedam, or in sherry, Tokay, or hock of Rhine; It well deserves the brightest, Where sunbeam ever swam— "The GhI I love in England"

STANZAS.

The there a bitter pang for love removed.
Oh God! The dead love dotte not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears!
Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years,—

That love might die with sorrow —I am sorrow;
And she, that loves me tenderest doth paess
Most poison from my enerl lips, and hone w
Only new anguish from the old caress;
Oh, this world's grief,
Ilath no relief,
In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
For love is only tears: would I had never
Breathed such a curso-like blessing as we prove;
Now, if "Farewell" could bless thee, I would sever!
Would I were laid
Under the shade

Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever!

SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH.

The morning sky is hung with mist,
The rolling drum the street alarms,
The host is paid, his daughter kiss'd,
So now to arms, so now to arms.

Our evening bowl was strong and stiff,
And may we get such quarters oft,
I ne'er was better lodged, for it
The straw was baid, the moid was soft.

So now to army to arm, to arms,
And face you well, my little dear,
And it the, ask who won year charms,
Why say 'twas in your Pineteenth Year.

ODT. TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

A wandrack, Wilson, from my native land, Remote, O Ree, from godliness and thee, Where rolls between us the eternal sea, Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESO.

Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
endly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And though I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.

Not one of those self-constituted saints.

Quacks—not physicians—in the ente of souls,

Censors who suiff out mortal taints,

And call the devil over his own coals—

Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,

Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nilob's

Ushers of Feelzetails a Black Rod,

Commending singers, not to be the k-ribb'd.

Ushers of Feelzelah's Black Rod.
Commending sinners, not to fee thick-ribled.
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flaxYet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd.
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

Of such a character no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye;
A certain lifting of the nose's tip;
Addin curling of the nether lip,
of in scorn of all that is, beneath the sky

In brief it is an aspect deleterious,

A face decidedly not serious,

A face profane, that would not do at all

To make a face at Exeter Hall,—

That Hall where bigots rant, and cant,
pray,

And land each other face to face,
Till ev'ry facthing-candle ray
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace.

Well!-be the graceless lineaments confest! I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth; And dote upon a jest "Within the limits of becoming mirth;"-No solemn 5 metimonious face I pull, Nor think I'm took when I'm only bilious-Nor study in my sanctum supercitious To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull. I pray for grace-repeat each sinful act-Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible; And love my neighbour far too well, in fact, To call and twit him with a godly tract That's turn'd by application to a libel. My heavt ferments not with the bigot's leaven, All creeds I view with teleration thorough, And have a horror of regarding heaven As anybody's rotten borough.

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESC

What else? no part I take in party fray,

With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars.

I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play

At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!

Jown I laugh at over-righteous men,

Lown I shake my sides at ranters.

And treat sham-Abr's ints with wicked banters,

Lown, that there are the own then

It's when I've got my wine—say d—canters!

A've no ambition to enact the spy
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—
Tis said that people ought to guard their noses,
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs;
And tho' no delicacy discomposes
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray's
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks.
No food was fit to cat till! had chew'd it.
On Bible stilts I don't affet to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—

For man may pious texts repeat,

And yet religion have no inward seat;

The not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,

The not so plain as the old Hill of meat

Persuse he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot.

Why, Socrates—or Plato—where's the odds?—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!

A mere professor, spite of all bis caut, is

Not a whit better than a Mantis.—

An insect, of what clime I can't determine,

That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,

By simple savag —thre' sheer pretence—

Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

But where's the reverence, or where the nous, To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby, Whether a stalking-horse or hobby,

To show its pious pages to "the House."

I honestly confess that ' would hinder
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
That spiritual Pinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,
And driven to church, as to the parish pound.
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
I view that grovelling idea as one
Wordly some parish clerk's ambitious son,
A charity-boy, who longs to be a beadle.

City much a vital topic sure 'tis odd

Cone wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour—
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above.

You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew - College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

I do confess that I althor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blick
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord
Of this world's aristocracy.

If will not own a notion so unholy,

As thinking that the rich by easy trips
go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
Minst work their passage as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod?

Where all mankind are equalised by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal, who draw living breath;
Juggle who will elsewhere with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—
He who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dicad presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to every piach of human dust
One even measure of immortal bope—
He who can strind within that holy door,
With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
In your last Journey-Work, perchance you ravage
Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
I'm but a headless, creedless, you'less -avage;
A very Gay, deserving the and taggots,—

A Scotler, alway on the grin,

And sadly given to the mortal sin

Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots!

The laumble records of my life to search,

I have not berded with mere pagan beasts;

But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts.

And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to church

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

Their bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells.

When on the undulating air they swim!

New loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!

And tree iding all about the breezy dells

As flutted by the wings of Cherubim.

Meanwelle the bees are chanting a low hymn;

And loss to sight the ecstatic lack above.

Sings, lace a soul beatified, of love,—

With, new and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—

O Pagan; Heathens, Infidels and Doubters!

If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,

Will the hatch voices of charch cads and touters!

A man may cry "Church! Church!" at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people—
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps acciwing from a steeple.
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon.
Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
To backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week,

A saving bet against his sinful bias-"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself.

"I lie-I cheat-do anything for pelf,

But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteousness re-acts, Accept an anecdote well based on facts. One Sunday morning-(at the day don't fret) In riding with a friend to Ponder's End Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend A certain mansion that we saw To Let.

"Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple, "You're right! no bouse along the road comes nigh it.

"I was built by the same man as built you chapel,

And marter wanted once to buy it,-But t'other driv the bargein much too had-He ax'd sure-,'y a sum pundigious! But being so particular teligious, Why, that, you see, put ma ter on his guard?"

Church is " .. little heav'n below, I have been there and still would go,"-Yer I am none of those who think it odd A man can pray unbidden from the cassock, And, passing by the customary hassock, Kneel down remote upon the simple sod, And sue in format pauperis to God.

As for the rest, intolerant to none,

Whenever shape the pious rite may bear,

By'a the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun

I would not harshly scorn, lest even there

I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—

An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayout"—

Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,

A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed

That very thing so many Christians want—

Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews, or turban'd Turks, Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith!) Sugh, may ir please you, is my humble faith; I know, full well, you do not like my reorks! I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land, As full of text; as Cuddie Headings's mother, 'The Bible in one hand,

And my own common-place-book in the other— But you have been to Palestine—alas! Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,

Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!
Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very!
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
The human beats and rancour to revive
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury,
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion.

Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak!

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome?
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
About the graceless images to flit,
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafets,
Longing to carve the carvers to 50 stch collops?—
People who hold such absolute opinions
Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Cifted with noble tendency to climb,
Yet weak at the same cime,
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And as the climate and the soil may grant,
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That, by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jambo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker
Like crazy Quixote at the pupper's play,
If their "offence be rank," should mine be
rancour?

Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan To cure the dark and earing mind; But who would rush at a benighted man, And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxiniant hop
Around a canker'd stem should twine,
What Kentish boor would tear away the prop
So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine?
The images, 'tis true, are strangely dices'd,
With gands and toys extremely out of season;
The carving nothing of the very best,
The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,
Shocking to taste, and to Fine Arts a treasor—
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect
One truly Catholic, one common form,

"At which uncheck'd

All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,

One bright and balmy morning, as I went

From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,

If hard by the wayside I found a cross,

That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—
While Nature of herself, as if to trace

The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base.

The blue significant Forget-me-not?

Methought, the claims of Charity to urge

More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,

The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge

Of a delicious slope,

Giving the eye much variegated scope;—
"Look round," It whiteper'd, "on that prospect
rare,

Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue;
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
But"—(how the simple kigend pieceed me thro'!)
"PRIEZ FOUR LES MAYINDACOK."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;
But only on a formal visit dwells
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.

Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside You take in lien, shun spiritual pride! A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,

A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,

A London pride—in short, there be on earth

A host of prides, some better and some worse;

But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,

The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so har h and hard, Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard. Behold him in conceited circles sail, Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff. In all his pomp of pageantry, as if He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail! As for the humble breed retain'd by man, He scorns the whole domestic clau-He bows, he bridles. He wheels, he sidles, At last, with stately dodgings in a corner He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan! . "Look here," he cries (to give him words) "Thou feather'd clay-thou scum of birds!" Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,-"Look here, thou vile predestined sinner, Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner, Behold these lovely variegated dyes! These are the rainbow colours of the skies

That Heav'n has shed upon me con amore—
A Bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!

I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!

Thou dingy, dity, drabbled, draggled jill!"
And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despised by saints.
By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heav'n's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor,
In parish stocks instead of bracches.

The Saints!—the Bigots that in public spout, Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian, And go like walking "Luciters" about Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints!—the aping Fanatics that talk
All cant and rant, and thrusodies ingliflown—
That bid you bault.
A Sunday walk,

And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints be Formalists, the extra pious, Who think the motional husk can save the soul, By trundling with a mere mechanic bias, To church, just like a lignum-vitae bowl!

The Saints!—the Pharisees, whose beadle stands

Beside a stern coercive kirk.

A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that's not made with hands.
Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a faire, all heav'n its dome!
To his ture d spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chant of clerk;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet:

'The sod's a cushion for his pious want;

And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,

The sky-blue pool, a font.

Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;

An organ breathes in every grove:

And the full heart's a Psalter, Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians

Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,

Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked; but must

Religion have its own Utilitarians,

Labell'd with evangelical phylacterics,
To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,
And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factories?

Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,
With Voluntaries meet,
The willing advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of then own,

And brooks with music of then own, Voices may come to swell the chord song With notes of pan e they lean d in musings lone,

How strange it is while on all vital questions, That occupy the House and public mand, We always meet with some humane suggestions Of gentle measures of a healing kind, Instead of harsh severity and vigous, The Saint alone his preference retains

For bill of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour!
Why shun, as worthless or affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion
Extel—and even use upon occasion—
That Christian principle, Conciliation?

But possibly the men who make such fuss
With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,
Attach some other meaning to the term,

As thus:

One market morning, in my usual rambles, Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles, Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter, I had to halt awhile, like other folks,

To let a killing butcher coax

A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.

A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak
Of well-greased hair down either cheek,
As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks
Beside those woolly-headed stubborn blocks
That stood before him, in vexations huddle—
Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers groun'd,
While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd
And meekly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,
That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,
Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—
And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
Onions, mint sauce, and 1-mon juice behind it.

At last there came a pause of brutal force,

The cur was silent, for his jaws were full
Of tangled locks of tarry wool,
The man had whoop'd and holloed till dead hoarse.
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—
"Zounds!—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—
why,

It really—my dear fellow—do just try
Conciliation!"

Stringing his nerves like flint,

The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—

At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—

And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop

Just nedens volens thro' the open slop—

If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—

Then walking to the door and smiling gaim,

He rubb'd his forchead and his sleeve together—

"There!—Pve conciliated him!"

Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—

(Good humour should prevail!)—

I'll fit you with a tale,

Wherero is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline
Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,

That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,

The Doctors gave her over—to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl

Of a inine new milk,

Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal

Which got proportionably spare and skinny—

Meanwhile the neighbours cried "Poor Mary Ann!

She can't get over it! she never can!"

When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,

The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny,

To aggravate the case,

There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-car'd creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk and water.
No matter: at the usual hour of eight
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on its back,—
"Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—
Bad time for hasses tho'! good lack! good lack!
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray."

So runs the story.

And, in vain self-glory.

Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness—But what the better are their pious saws

To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,

Without the milk of human kindness?

STANZAS.

With the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game?
Lo! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And behold on both sides 'as the same!

Not for this, not for that, not for any,

Not for these, not for those, but for all,—
To the last drop of blood—the last penny—
Toge ther let's stand, or let's fall!

Tear down the vile signs of a fraction,

Be the national banner unfurld,—

And if we must have any faction,—

Be it "Pritain against all the world."

TO MY DAUGITER.

DEAR Fanny! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning run was low,
And rosy with the Eastern glow
The land cape smiled.—
Whilst lowed the newly-waken'd herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
"Thou hast a Child!"

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome even loy
Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear! many years, In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
Too strictly kept:
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

SONG.

TO MY WILE.

Those eyes that were so bright, love.

Have now a dimmer shine,—
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine;
But still those orbs reflect, love,
The beems of former hours.—
That ripen'd all my joys, my love
And tinted all my flowers!

Those locks were brown to see, love,

That now are turned so gray,—
But the years were spent with me, love,

That store their hue away;
Thy locks no longer share, love,

The golden glow of noon,—
But I've seen th, weild look fair, my love,

When silver'd by the moon!

That brow was smooth and fair, love,
That looks so shaded now,—
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoiled a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,—
Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before!

YOUTH AND AGE.

IMPATIENT of his childhood,
"Ah me!" exclaims young Arthur,
Whilst roving in the wild wood,
"I wish I were my father!"

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur So skip, and play, and run, "Ah me!" exclaims the father, "I wish I were my son!"

THE FLOWER.

ALONE, across a foreign plain,
'The Exile slowly wanders,
And on his Isle beyond the main
With sadden'd spirit ponders.

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
With all its household treasures;
Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
And all its rural pleasures.

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
Its moors, and purple heather;
Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
Itis childhood loved to gather.

When lo! he starts, with glad surprise, Home-joys come rushing o'er him, For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd," He spies the flower before him!

With eager haste he stoops him down,

His eyes with moistute hazy,

And as he plucks the simple bloom,

He murmurs, "Lawk-a-daisy!"

THE DLM TREE.

A DRIAM IN THE WOODS.

"Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms at on id—
And from: Tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan;
It mutter'd in the stem, and then
The roots took up the tone;
As if beneath the dewy grass
The dead began to groan.

•

No breeze there was to stir the leaves,
No bolts that tempests launch,
To rend the trunk or rugged bark;
No gale to bend the branch;
No quake of earth to heave the roots,
That stood so stiff and staunch.

No bird was preening up aloft,
To rustle with its wing;
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,
From bough to bough to spring;
The solid bole
Had no'er a hole
To hide a living thing!

No scooping hollow cell to lodge
A furtive beast or lowl,
The martin, bat,
Or forest cat
That nightly loves to prowl,
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my car,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground—
"Twas in a shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue In this ungenial clime? Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice As in the classic prime— To make the forest voluble, As in the olden time?

The olden time is dead and gone;
Its years have fill'd their sum—
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch.
And fragrant Linden Trees,
No living sound
E'er hovers round,
Unless the vagrant breeze,
The music of the merry bird,
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees for ake the Elm
That bears no bloom aloft—
The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,
The Blackbird in the croft;
And among the firs the brooding Dove,
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound, And sad it was to boot, From ev'ry overhanging bough, And each minuter shoot; From rugged trunk and massy rind, And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan;
From those,—a dreary sigh;
As if the boughs were wintry bare,
And wild winds sweeping by—
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud
Was stedfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air
Could either sense observe—
The zephyr had not breath enough
The thistle-down to swerve
Or force the filmy gossamers
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd All Nature seem'd to be:
From heaven above, or earth beneath,
No whisper came to me—
Except the solemn sound and sad
From that Mysterious Tree!

A hollow, hollow sound,
As is that dreamy roar
When distant billows boil and bound
Along a shingly shore—
But the ocean brim was far aloot,
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,

No tumult of the beach,

However they may foam and fret,

The bounded sense could reach—

Methought the trees in mystic tongue

Were talking each to each!—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales
Of greenwood love or guilt,
Of whisper'd vows
Beneath their boughs;
Or blood obscurely spilt;
Or of that near-hand Mansion House
A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared Beneath the starry cope— Or where the suicidal wretch Hung up the fatal rope; Or Beauty kept an evil tryste, Insnared by Love and Hope.

THE ELM TREE.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd
At midnight dark and dank—
And what is underneath the sod
Whereon the grass is rank—
Of old intrigues,
And privy leagues,
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—
Of Kin who fought and fell—
God knows the undiscover'd schemes,
The arts and acts of Hell,
Perform'd long generations since,
If trees had tongues to tell!

With wary eyes, and ears alert,
As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path
Of mingled light and shade—
How sweetly gleum'd that arch of blue
Beyond the green arcade!

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n
Beyond that verdant aisle!
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
That quench'd the light, the while,
As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some old Cathedral pile!

And many a gnarled trunk was there,
That ages long had stood,
Till Time had wrought them into shapes
Like Pan's fantastic brood;
Or still more foul and hideous forms
That Pagans carve in wood!

A crouching Satyr lurking here—
And there a Goblin grim—
As staring full of demon life
As Gothic sculptor's whim—
A marvel it had scarcely been
To hear a voice from him!

Some whisper from that hearid mouth Of strange, unearthly tone; Or wild infernal laugh, to chill One's marrow in the bone. But no—it grins like rigid Death, And silent as a stone!

As silent as its fellows be,

For all is mute with them—

The branch that climbs the leafy roof—
The rough and mossy stem—
The crooked root,
And tender shoot,
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,
Of sad and solemn sound—
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
In all that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

PART II.

The Scene is changed! No green Arcade,
No Trees all ranged a-row—
But scatter'd like a beaten host,
Dispersing to and fro;
With here and there a sylvau corse,
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell
Pursues his daily toil;
As witness many a prostrate trunk,
Bereft of leafy spoil,
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows
Have banish'd bird and beast;
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off
A hundred yards at least;
And on the maple's lofty top,
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,
Or when he takes his rest;
Except the timid thrush that peeps
Above her secret nest,
Forbid by love to leave the young
Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,
His axe is sharp and grad:
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood;
From distant rocks
His lusty knocks
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong;
The muscles serve him well;
His years have reach'd an extra span,
The number none can tell;
But still his lifelong task has been
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,
And Winter's freezing cold,
From sapling youth
To virile growth,
And Age's rigid mould,
His energetic axe hath rung
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel
'The vivid sunbeams glance—
About his head and round his feet
The forest shadows dance;
And bounding from his russet coat
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown
As corn, that's ripe to reap;
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chia,
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame;
His legs are long and stark;
His arms like limbs of knotted yew;
His hands like rugged bark;
So he felleth still
With right good will,
As if to build an Ark!

Oh! well within IIIs fatal path
The fearful Tree might quake
Through every fibre, twig, and leat,
With aspen tremor shake;
Through trunk and root,
And branch and shoot,
A low complaining make!

Oh! well to IIim the Tree inight breathe
A sad and solemn sound,
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,
And groans from underground;
As in that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound!

But calm and mute the Maple stands,
The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping birch,
Without the least demur;
And c'en the Aspen's hoary leaf
Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,
That writh—recalling soon
The famous Human Group that writhes
With Snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced
A Forest Läocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth
By tortures overcome,
Their brown enormous simbs they twine,
Bedew'd with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
But, like the marble dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands So like a man of sin, Who, fiantic, flings his arms abroad To feel the Worm within— For all that gesture, so intense, It makes no sort of din!

An universal silence reigns
In rugged bark or peel,
Except that very trunk which rings
Beneath the biting steel—
Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe
With unrelenting zeal!

No rustic song is on his tongue,
No whistle on his lips;
But with a quiet thoughtfulness
His trusty tool he grips,
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint
He spreads the fatal gash;
Till, lo! the remnant fibres rend,
With harsh and sudden crash,
And on the dull resounding turi
The jarring branches lash!

Oh! now the Forest Trees may sigh,
The Ash, the Poplar tall,
The Eim, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
The Aspens—one and all,
With solemn groan
And hollow moan
Lament a comrade's fall!

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,
That, thrice the human span—
While on their variegated course
The constant Seasons ran—
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,
Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,
Struck down by hand of God,
Or heathen Idol tumbled prone
Beneath th' Eternal's nod,
In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod!—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve
And make a common moan
Around that patriarchat trunk
So newly overthrown;
And with a murmur recognise
A doom to be their own!

The Echo sleeps: the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight
The toad's reputed stool—
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadows cool.

No Zephyr stirs: the ear may catch
The smallest insect-hum;
But on the disappointed sense
No mystic whispers come;
No tone of sylvan sympathy,
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,
No sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground;
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound!

PART III.

Tux deed is done: the Tree is low
That stood so long and firm;
The Woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term;
And where he wrought the speckled Thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangica iern,
To seek the open space;
And on its haunches sits erect
To clean its furry face.

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,
The Hind is browsing near,—
And on the Larch's lowest bough
The Ousel whistles clear;
But checks the note
Within its throat,
As choked with sudden fear!

With sudden fear her wormy quest
'The Thrush abruptly quits—
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern
The startled Cony flits;
And on the Larch's lowest bough
No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear
The dappled Deer
Effect a swift escape;
But well might bolder creatures start,
And fly, or stand agape,
With rising hair, and curdled blood,
To see so grim a Shape!

The very sky turns pale above:
The earth grows dark beneath;
The human Terror thrills with cold
And draws a shorter breath—
An universal panic owns
The dread approach of DEATH!

With silent pace, as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen Tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
"Whoever laid this tree along,
His hatchet was not dull!

"The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well!
But after sound of ringing axe
Must sound the ringing knell;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke,
My turn it is to fell!

"No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood!

"No forest Monarch yearly clad In mantle green or brown; That unrecorded lives, and falls By hand of rustic clown— But Kings who don the purple robe, And wear the jewell'd crown.

"Ah! little recks the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet Hall,
While tapers shine and Music breatnes
And Beauty leads the Ball,—
He little recks the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall!

"Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
The while his Falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies—
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies!

"But haughty Peer and mighty King
One doom shall overwhelm!
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him welf
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he, who never knew a home,

Shall find it in the Elm!

"The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the cressy attch,
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
That houseless man and poor!

"Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
That lies so long and prone,
With many a fallen acorn-cup,
And mast, and firry cone—
This rugged trunk shall hold ats share
Of mortal flesh and bone;

"A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with agou-fears—
A Wife lamenting love's decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter dvops
From sweets of former years—

"A Man within whose gloomy mind Offence had deeply sunk, Who out of fierce Revenge's cup Hath madly, darkly drunk— Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep Within this very trunk!

"This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!

"The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.

"And well th' abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And 'mid the city's strife,
For, every hour that passes by
Shall end a human life!"

The Phantom ends: the shade is gone;
The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the goiden fern
The Rubbit comes to bire.

The Thrush's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay;
The Dove is in the evergreens;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

THE MARY.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

Lov'er thou not, Alice, with the early tide
To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide,—
Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast
His net into the deep, which doth provide
Enormous bounties, hilden in its vast
Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
And take its gracious boon thankful and nicek?

The sea is bright with morning,—but the dark Seems still to linger on his broad black sail, For it is early hoisted, like a mark For the low sun to shoot at with his pale And ievel beams: All round the shadowy bark The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale Swehs in her canvas, till the waters show The keel's newspeed, and whiten atthe bow.

Then look abaft—(for thou canst understand That phrase)—and there he sitteth at the stern, Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand. The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd And honest countenance that he will turn To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn. The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil Amongst the finny race: 'twas when the corn Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,
And all the goodly east seem'd but a hoard
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,
And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
In his bright visions—ay, before he caught
His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,
And summ'd the net proceeds. This should have
brought

Despair upon him when his hopes were foil'd, But though one crop was marr'd, again he toil'd

And sow'd his seed afresh.—Many foul blights
Perish'd his hardwon gains—yet he had plann'd
No schemes of too extravagant delights—
No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—
But a small humble home, and loving nights,
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand
Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy?
Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
And hardwon wages, on the perilous sea—
Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee;—
She was purveyor for his other dear
Mary, and for the infant yet to be
Fruit of their married loves. These made him dote
Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave,
No gayer than one single stripe of blue
Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave,
A negro among boats—that only knew
Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave
Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few
Dark dripping jackets flutter'd to the air,
Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread A tawny sail against the sunbright sky, Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly Across the wide sea desert for the bread Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r Invoked the heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep Are dark and hidden from the human ken; Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep, And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men, Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy, While loungers idly ask, "Where is the Mary?"

THE SEASON.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled

By the gusty thieves,

And the Book of Nature

Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses, Swallows, as they firt, Give, like yearly tenants, Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns, and laugn—
Night and Day together
Taking half-and-naff.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the Meath that fallows,
Sure will pinch us worse.

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

A space! a rake! a hoe!

A pickase, or a lell!!

A hook to reap, or a soythe to mow,

A flail, or what ye will—

And here's a ready hand

To ply the needful root,

And skul'd enough, by to sons rough,

In Lettora is regard school.

To hodge or dig the duch

To lop or left the total.

To lay the swarde of an ordiny bold,

Or plungar the starb wholea,

The barves stack to bind,

The wheaten tick to thatch,

And never for in my pouch to find.

The finder or the match.

To a flaming barn of farm

My funcies rever form.

The fire I yearn to kindle and burn

Is on the hearth of Hone;

Where children haddle and crouch

Through dark long wanty days,

Where starving children haddle and crouch,

To see the cheerful rays.

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

A-glowing on the haggard check, And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields follorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the cora,
'To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood red with wrath.

A spade! a cake! a line!

A pickase, or a bill!

A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,

A flail, or what ye will—

The corn to thus h, or do hedge to plash,

The market-team to drive,

Or mend the fence by the cover side,

And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his Worship's hare,
Or kill his Grace's deer;
Break into his bridship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,

Wherever Labour calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse wall;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper tabe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her patmer's death,

My only claim is this
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to carn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily but di and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the everseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my ta k.
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man,
To work, and not to beg.

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER

Still one of Adam's heirs,

Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a loce
A pickage, or a bill!
A hook to map, or a cepthe to new
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing draag.
With muscle and limb, as 4 wor to him
Who does their pay begradge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labour's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robb'd them over night.
The very shilling he boped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastille,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With eyelids heavy and worn,
With cyclids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomenly rigs,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hanger, and dirt
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch.
She sang the moong of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!

White the cock is crowing alout!

And work "work--word.

Till the stars "bine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave

Along with the barbareus Turk,

Wirer, woman has never a soul to sive,

If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and bind,
Band, and gusset, and scan,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep.
And sew them on in a dictar!

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantora of griely hone.
I har lly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own.
Because of the tarts I keep:
Oh, Godf that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and obsed so cheap!

"Work—work work!

My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.

That shitter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,

Work—work—work—

As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,

As well as the weary hand.

"Work---work-- work,
In the dall December light,
And work---work -- work,
When the weather is work, and priorit-While underneath the caves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their suany backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the wors of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!

No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed

My tears must stop, for every drop

Hinders needle and thread?"

With fugers we, sy the worn,
With cyclids heavy and red,
A woman sat an etwomin's the conPlying her received delicated
Stite of the cheft tirch!
In povery, however, in taket,
And still we have been all delicates pirch,
Would that it term could reach the Rich! —
She song till, at Song of the Shirt!

THE LAPTS DREAM.

The lady lay in her bed,

Her couch so warm and soft,

But her sleep was reseless and broken still;

Por turning often and oft

From side to side, one matter'd and moan'd,

And tess'd har arms aloft.

And gazed on the vacant air,

With a look of awe, as if she saw

Some dreadful phantom there...

And then in the pillow she buried her free

From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shool:

Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that left on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous pleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shool as she yeled:

"Oh me! that awing drama"

"That weary, werey wilk.

In the churchy ard's dismal ground!

And those horrible things, with shady wangs,

That came and flitted tound, —

Death, death, and nothing but death,

In every sight and sound:

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room.
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the Voice that cried, For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'—
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a World of Worl!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the trans that homiv fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this cartley hall—
Disease and Hunger, and Pall, and Want,
But now I dream of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famish'd I might have fed!

THE LADY'S DREAM.

The sorrow I might have sooth'd,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years,
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor.
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago
I scann'd with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazine as a lainly there.
As when I poss'd it by:
Woe, wose for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of ferry coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walk'd through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm.
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the spanow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

And are whatever is good—

Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fuit,

Supplied my hungry mood;

But I never remember'd the wretched ones.

That starte for want of lead?

"I dress'd as the noble thess.
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, on I costly furs.
In many an ample told.
But I never reasonable told in added limb.
That fine, with watter's cold.

"The woun's I relight have beaded.

The human sorrow and social?

And yet it never was in my soul.

To play so ill a part.

But call it woodshit by want of Thought,

As well as want of Heart?"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and last they fell,
Remorse was so extreme:
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

SONNET.

The tenderest tears lie teady at the brim,

To see three own dear eyes—so pale and dirn,—
Touching my soul with rall and fond regret,
For on thy ease my learn's whole care is set;

Seeing I for a three in ne presidenar wham.
Whose summer dares but with the rose's riin,
Which one hot June can perrit and leagt;—
Ah, not I chose there for affection's pet,
For unworn love, and con rare dear ring.—
To smile but to thy smile—or close to first
When thou are rieticle—rather than to sing
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to coothe and kiss.
Thy dear pale check while I ossure thee this!

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

Gome, my Crony, let—think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's vert—
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear.

That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind.
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmet, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, hilt-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true pursers make!
I can fancy I hear the cid lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake,

Methinks I still saffer the infantire throws.

When my fle is was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patied my body to confort me woes,
Oir! how little they dream, they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong - infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Through the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the toof with a bounce?

Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?

Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce.

"Heads or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish games!

With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;

Way should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was

Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemend to setuh?
Have you ever fult linek doach soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy - my tailor was nothing in fault,

For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—

But how well I remember that "p. pperson" sale."

That was down to the ellows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended my aims as "the aims that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love!

With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?

Have you bow'd to a shee-tie, and knelt to a glove,

Like a beau that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue, Did you walk up the ai-le- the genteelest of men? When I think of that beautiful vision anew, Oh! I seem but the biffn of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,

And wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A TOAST.

Cour! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,

A cold pulse, or a spirit soon ex
All the blood in my heart scena to tush to my lips,

To communate its flow with the wine.

Bring a cop of the parest and lobber twate,—
But a little annuae in its shap;
And the Julee,—let it be the mest rary and rare,
All the bloom, with the age, or the grape!

Even such is the love I would c it brate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
The bud, blossom and froit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honours be paid,
Whitst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
"Here's to her, the fend mother, dear partner, kind maid.
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!"

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A ROMANCE.

PART I.

Unnatural, and full of contradictions;

Yet others of our most remantic schemes
Are something more than futions.

*It might be only on eachanted ground;

*It might be merely by a thought's expansion;

*But, in the spirit or the flesh, I found

*An old deserted Mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man, A dwelling place,—and yet no habitation; A House,—but under some prodigious ban Of Excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung, fair'd by the gusty gales of many winters, That from its crumbled pedestal had flung the marble globe in splinters

No dog was at the threshold, great or small:
No rigeon on the roof—no household creature—
No cat demurely dozing on the wali—
No cat demurely dozing on the wali—

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,
No face look'd forth from shut or open casement;
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home
From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd; The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after! And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a feat; A sense of mystery the spell counted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Fluented!

The flow's specia wild and couldy a start ed, Roses with thi des struggled for explor, And vaging plant of practite breed Had overgrown the "did.

But gay or choonly, steadast or infirm, No heart was there to head the hours duration; All times and tides were lest in one long term Of stagmant desolution.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found In quiet loadiness so sure and thorough;

And on the lawn,—within its turfy mound,—
The rabbit made his burrow.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'
The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and sat, and vanished
But letsurely and hold, as if he knew
Lits enemy was banish'd.

The wary crow,—the pheacant from the woods— Lull'd by the still and everly ring samouses, Close to the mansion, like domestic broods, Ped with a "shocking tements."

The coot was swi ording in the needy pood, Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted; And in the weedy most the herea, fond Of solitude, aligh

The moping herea vactionless and stiff, That on a stone, as silently and stilly, Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if To guard the water-lity.

No sound was heard except, from fir away, The ringing of the witwall's shrilly haughter, Or, now and then, the charter of the jay, That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old Building hung
And its deserted Garden.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool;

No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,

Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,

For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the hanker'd tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shann'd the ground, The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Toucher, In spite of gaps that thre' the fence round Invited the encroacher.

For over all there imag a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass; The mould was purple with unheeded showers Of bloomy plums—a Wilderness it was Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The goard embraced the rose bush in its ramble,
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The holly-hock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,
The sturdy bur-dock choked its slender neighbour,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
Of human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had train'd To such a rigid pyramidal stature, For want of trimming tad aimost regain'd The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was and y meglect and time. Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason, And efts and croaking frogs, begot of stane, 'Sprawl'd in the ruin'd bason.

The Statue, fallen from its mubic base, Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten, Lay like the Idol of some by-gone race, Its name and rites forgotten,

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn and savage:
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, a sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

PART II.

O, Very choonly is the House of Woe, Where tears are falling while the l. II is knolling, With all the dail' solemnities which show [That Death is in the dwelling.

O very, very dreary is the noon.

Where Love, domestic flower no importuestics,
But, smitten by the exercise is the of doom,
The Corpse lies on the method.

But House of Woo, and hearse, and orbit part, The nation home of the depart democrat Ne'er kook'd so ploomy as that Constly Hail, With its deserted portal

The centipede along the threshold crept, The cobwell fung across in mazy tangle, And in its winding sheet the magget slept, At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the conwig and her brood, The enumers of the steps had old possession, And marched in search of their diurnal food In undisturbed procession. At tradisturb'd as the prehensile cell

Of moth or maggot, or the spider's rissue,

For never foot upon that threshold fell,

To senter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a lear, A sense of mystery the sparst dansted, And said, as plain as which a in the car. The place is Haunted!

Howbeit, the door I pash'd—m so I mean d = Which slowly, slowly gamed, - the hing recenting With such a rusty eloquence, it = med.

That Time himself was qual age.

But Time was darsh within that Massion old, Or left his take to the heatstie braners, That hung from the corroded walls, and told Of former men and manners —

Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd door, Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember, While fallen fragments danced upon the floor, Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out.—bid after bird,
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

A shrick that echo'd from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther!

Meanwhile the rusty armour rattled round, The banner shudder'd, and the ragged streamer; All things the horrid tenor of the sound Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antiers, where the helmet hung, and helts Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the linest branches, Or as the stag had trembled when he felt The blood-heim list his harmches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame, And that its many graps of desuration Dolorous moans and hollow sightings came, Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball. Touch'd by some impulse occult or mechanic; And nameless beetles ran along the wall In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead Hung like a spy on human guilt and error, Suddenly turn'd and up its slender thread Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the walf Assuming features solemn and terrific, Flinted some Tragedy of that old Hail, Lock'd up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt, Wherefore amongst those flags so didl and fivid, The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver;
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hing a cloud of fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted; And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

If but a rat had linger'd in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel!
But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops roll'd down the walls, as if they wept;

And where the cricket used to chirp so smilly,

The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept

On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there, Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metat; The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,— The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of modal and must, The fengus in the rotten scans had quicken'd; While on the caken table coats of dast Perenniall; had thicken'd.

No mark of leathern jack or motol cens. No cup—no horn—no ho pitable token,— All social ties between the, board and Man Had long ago been broken.

There was so find a random on the air.

The shadow of a preside, so directors;

No human creature could have feast dimere,

Even the most ferecous.

For over all there hang a close of fear, A sense of invertey the spirit danned, And said, as plain as while per in the cor. The place is Haunted!

PART III.

This hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only—
But some internal prompting bade me mount.
The gloony stairs and lovely.

Those gloomy stairs, so duth, and damp and cold, With odours as from tones and relies carnil, Deprived of rice, and consecrated would, The chapel wallt or channel.

Those dieary starts, where with the sounding stress Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,

The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guessHow many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the vi per ploom
The bat—or something in its shapes—was winging
And on the wall, as chilly as a tearb.
The Death's-Head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound Of all unholy presence, augurs truly; And with a grim significance flits round The taper burning blucly.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be, At ev'ry crooked turn, or on the landing. The straining cyclall was prepared to see Some Apparition conding.

For over all there bring a cloud of har, A sense of mystery the spirit day and. And said as plain as whisper in the ear. The place is Humb I

Yet no portentous Shape the eight amozed: Each object pt. in, and tangible, and valut: But from their tarnish'd farnas dack Figures gazed, And Faces spectre-palid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies Within the compass of Arr's simulation; Their souls were looking time' their painted eyes With awful speculation.

On ev'ry lip a speechless horror dwelt; On ev'ry brow the barthen of affliction; The old Ancestral opinits knew and felt The House's malediction. Such earnest woe their features overcast.

They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or spoken ?

But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,

This stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,

Except my steps in solitary clamber,

From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,

From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly turnish'd
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date
And carvings gilt and burnish'd.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art Wirh scripture history, or classic lable; But all had faded, save one ragged part, Where Cain was slaying Abcl.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth Had marr'd the tissue with a partial ravage; But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some nues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller
But still the BLOODY JIAND shone strangely out
With vehemence of colour!

The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain Shone on the dasty floor, a dismal token, Projected from the casement's painted pane, Where all heside was broken.

The Broom Hann significant of crime, That glaring on the old herodic banner, Flud kept its crimson unimpaired by time, in such a wondrous manner

O'er all there hing the shadow of a foar, A sense of mystery the sparit decent d, And said as plain as what a rectine on, The place is 11 angles!

The Death Words fiel a healing the panel dook, Inexplicible memors back the arms, And echoes armage and my field twoke, The fancy to embarrass

Prophetic bints that fill'd the soul with dread, But thro' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly, The while some secret inspiration said, That Chamber is the Ghowly!

Across the door no postame: festoon

Swing pendulou — no welle—no dusty fringes,

No silt y chryselic or white cocoon

About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunn'd the interdicted room, The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banish'd, And where the sanbeam fell athwart the gloom The very midge had vanish'd.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed, As if with awful aim direct and certain, To show the Broomy Ham in burning red Embroidered on the curt in.

And yet no gory starn was on the quilt— The pillow in its place had slowly notted; The floor alone retain? I the trace of guilt, Those boards obscurely sported.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence With mazy doubles to the grated casement—Oh what a tale they told of fear intense, Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night 'Had coursed like hunted have that crucl distance! Had sought the door, the window in his flight, Striving for dear existence!

What shricking Spirit in that bloody room.
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?—
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly Shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall, But painted on the air so very dimly, It hardly veil'd the tapestry at ail, Or portrait frowning grimly

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is Haunted!

FONNET.

My heart is sol, with longing, the I ford
On hope; Time goes with such a heavy page
That neither longs nor takes from thy endrace.
As if he slept - forgetting his old speed:
For, as in sunshine only we can tend
The march of minutes on the Cal's face,
So in the shadows of this lonely place
There is no love, and Time is deed indeed.
But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,
Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,
It seems we only meet to tear spart,
With aching hands and lingering of eyes.
Alas, alas! that we must learn hours' flight
By the same light of love that makes them bright!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments Clinging like cerements; Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her clothing; 'Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully; Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly. ,

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

130

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of here,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of here
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity

5

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver so far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Any where, any where Out of the world!

132

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fa hion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen to rigidly, Decently,—kindly — Smoothe, and compose them; And her eyes, close them Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thio' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despaining
Fix'd on futurity.

133

Perishing gloomily,
Spute'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her test.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour!

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

'Twas August—Hastings every day was filling—Hastings, that "greenest spot on memory's waste!" With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced, And all things rose a penny in a shilling, Meauwhile, from window and from door, in haste "Accommodation bills" kept contrag down, Gladding "the world of letters" in that town.

A STORM AT HASTINGS.

134

Each day pour'd in new coach-fulls of new cits,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying.
Laceman and placeman, ministers and wits,
And quackers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appear'd a creature, So small, he almost might a twin bave been With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature, Yet well proportion'd—neither fat nor lean, His face of marvellously pleasant feature, So short and sweet a man was never seen—All thought him charming at the first beginning—Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seem'd in love with chance—and chance repaid His ardent passion with her fondesc smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirr'd of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatch'd—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnish'd it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climb'd—and rode, and won—and walk'd,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were balk'd
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down:—some even talk'd
Of ducking him—when lo! a dismal storm
Stepp'd in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turn'd another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seem'd to rise Bulky and slow upon the southern brink Of the horizon—fann'd by sultry sighs—So black and threatening, I cannot think Of any simile, except the skies Miss Wiggins sometime shades in Indian ink—Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour, They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

136 A STORM AT HASTINGS.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion,—
Whereas the waves roll'd in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer,—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling,—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce;—
But then, a grander connast thus it bir d
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the strious car,
As one would whisper that, a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar: so the hoarse thunder Growl'd long—but low—a prelude note of death, As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under, But still it mutter'd to the sea beneath Such a continued peal, as made us wonder It did not pause more oft to take its breath, Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather, And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watch'd the surly advent of the storm.

Much as the brown-check'd planters of Barbadoes

Must watch a tising of the Negro swarm:

Meantime it steer'd, like Odin's old Armadas,
Right on our coast;

a dismal, coel black form;

Many proud gaits were quell d—and all bravadoes

Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers

Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed.— In all their days. The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing, And they are used to many a pretty blaze. To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing. With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays:— And truly one could think without much lashing. The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful. And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd Vanish'd—as if they knew their own attractions,—For now the lightning through a near hand cloud Began to make some very crooked fractions—Only some few remain'd that were not cow'd, A few rough sailors, who had been in actions, And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's, Lest it should blow,—were pulling up the Rose:

A STORM AT HASTINGS.

(No flower, but a boat)—some more hauling
The Regent by the head:—another crew
With that same cry peculiar to their calling—
Were heaving up the Hope:—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the scamen wisely drew
The Neptune rather higher on the heach,
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

138

And now the storm, with its despotic power Had all usurp'd the azure of the skies, Making our daylight darker by an hour, And some few drops—of an unusual size—Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower, Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant's eyes—But then this sprinkle thicken'd in a trice And rained much harder—in good solid ice.

Oh! for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us!
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us;—
But ev'n his music seem'd composed and low,
When we were bandled by this Hailstone Chorus;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits roll'd along the ground—

As big as bullets:—Lord! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles:—And now the lightning flash'd
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two:—the gust too dash'd
So terribly, I thought the bail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did—and first it smash'd
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm:—Oh! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these "loopholes of retreat"—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize!

By which, the cloud had pass'd o'erhead, but play'd Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had array'd Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos, into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

A STORM A'T HASTINGS.

140

As parcel of the cloud:—the clouds themselves, Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting, Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves, That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.—We could e'en fancy Satan and his clyes Busy upon those crags, and ever casting Huge fragments loose,—and that we felt the sound They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowl'd away, - and soon Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver sides, - how sweet a Loon,
Seem'd her sweet light, as though it would be get,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas Peace in the sky- and coolness in the breeze!

Meantime the hall had ceased .—and all the brood Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains;—At every window, there were maids who stood Lamercing o'r the glass's small remains,—Or with coarse linens made the fractions good, Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt:
The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
No green-house but the same mishap befell;
Bow-windows and bell-glasses bore the brunt,—
No sex in glass was spared!——For those who dwell
On each hill side, you might have swam a punt
In any of their parlours;—Mis, Snell
Was slopp'd out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
Had a flow'r-garden wash'd into a Kitchen.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaim'd The recent violence.—Each after each The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed, Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach Howbeit his averather eye the seaman aim'd Across the calm, and hinted by his speech A gale next morning—and when morning broke, There was a gale—" quite equal to bespoke,"

Before high water—(it were better far To christen it not avater then, but avaiter. For then the tide is serving at the bar) Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater! Black, jagged billows rearing up in war Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter, With lots of froth upon the shingle shed, Like stout pour'd out with a fine beachy bead.

142 A STORM AT HASTINGS.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launch'd that morn on seven-shilling trips,
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;
For two lea shores upon the river Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
A boiling ocean of mix'd black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
When lo, in that vast hollow scoop'd between
Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly!
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming!

Sometimes a hard—sometimes a little shoe— Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view, Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare— At last a frightful summerset he threw Right on the shingles. Any one could swear The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury, And batter'd by the surge beyond all surgery! However we snatch'd up the corse thus thrown Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it, And after venting Pity's sigh and groan, Then Curiosity Legan with ber fit; And lo! the features of the Small Unknown! 'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit!—And in his fob, the cause of late monopolics, We found a contract signed Mephistophiles!

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
The juggling Demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and Nick'd him in the main!

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

Those Evening Bells, those Evening Bells, How many a tale their music tells, Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime, And letters only just in time!—

144 HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

The Muffin-boy has pass'd away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 't will be when she is gone, The tuneful peal will still ring on, And other maids with timely yells Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O KATE! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife

When I look back at Hymen's dear day, Not a lovelier bride ever chang'd to a wife, Though you're now so old, wizened and grey!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!

But as liquid as stars in a pool;

Though now they're so dim, they appear, my dear

Kate,

Just like g oseberries boiled for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parroty Bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees, Such a nectar there hung on each lip, Thougn now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze, Not a bue-bottle comes for a sip!

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,
From its dimple he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
Though now they look only like fizzles of wool,
By a bramble torn off from a sheep!

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms;
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms!

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my Partner! my Kate!
Though you be such a perfect old fright!

THE FAREWELL

TO A FRENCH ARL.

FARE thee well,
Gabrielle!
Whilst I join France,
With bright cuirass and fance!
Trumpets swell,
Gabrielle!
War horses prance,

In the night,
Ere the fight,
In the night,
I'll think of thee!
And in pray'r,
Lady fair,
In tly pray'r,
Then think of me!

And Cavaliers advance !

Death may knell,
Gabrielle!
Where my plumes dance,
By arquebuss or lance!
Then farewell,
Gabrielle!
Take my last glance!
Fair Miracle of France!

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

An me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within you irksome walls?

Ay, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the tear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!

148 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

There I was bitch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!

The summon'd class!—the awful how!—I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S***?— Doth she abet (Like Pallas in the parlout) yet Some favour'd two or three,— The little Crichtons of the hour, Her muffin-medals that devour, And swill her prize—bohea?

Ay, there's the playground! there's the lime, Beneath whose shade in summer's prime So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there now, and skims the cream Of young Romance, and weaves a dream Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they re gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the avane of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung;

Grave Bowers teaches A B C

To savages at Owhyee
Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
"And push us from our forms!"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run, (some fall.) some twine
Their croney arms; some in the shine,—
And some are in the shade!

THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

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Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmast joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded cye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry breaking-up!

THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

TIs even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing, A youth and maiden on the turf recline Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers, Though round them both, and in the air above, The tender Spirit hovers! Unteuch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave.
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly;
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley!

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills them with a strange behaviour;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross
And Image of the Savious

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan, As from the presence of a thing inhuman;— Oh! what unholy spell hath turned to stone The young warm heart of Woman!

'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan.
On bower and river quietly is sleeping.
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

154 THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes, No pressure answers to her hand so pressing, In her fond arms impassively he lies, Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd by her eternal loss.

She flies to succour that may best beseem her;
But lo! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,

And hides the blest Redeemer.

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll, Wherein she reads in melancholy letters, The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul And her young heart in fetters.

"Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to tuth and God, Thy holy faith for human love to barter!" No more she hears, but or the bloody sod Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie:
Tell me, harsh priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby
Or hearts or yows are broken!

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

In London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged boy
The way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I boo'd his little saucy care,
And then away I strode;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town
That drove a famous trade,
Where Wittington walked up and found
A fortune ready made.

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The very streets are paved with gold; But how shall I get there? "Straight down the Crooked Lane, And all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong.
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where ev'ry man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh that's the land of Liberty!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square,"

I've dreamt about some blessed spot, Beneath the blessed sky, Where Bread and Justice never rise Too dear for folks to buy. It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap, But how shall I get there? "Straight down the Crooked Lane, And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.
I'm fond of all antiquities,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Royal Court Maintain'd in noble state,
When ev'ry able man, and good,
Is certain to be great!
I'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too, Where Christians come to pray; But canting knaves and hypocrites, And bigots keep away. O! that's the parish church for me! But how shall I get there! "Straight down the Crooked Lane, And all round the Square."

They say there is a Garden fair,
That's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love—
The place must be a Paradisc,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

Pve heard there is a tamous Land For public spirit known— Whose Patriots love its Interests Much better than there own. The Land of Promise sure it is i But how shall I get there? "Straight down the Crooked Lane, And all round the Square."

I've read about a fine Estate, A mansion large and strong; A view all over Kent and back, And going for a song George Robins knows the very spot, But how shall I get there? "Straight down the Crooked Lane, And all round the Square,"

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And ali round the Square,"

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please,"
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

BALLAD.

Sign on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse
And Beauty's fairest queen.
Though 'tis not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between:
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and nought,
The brow should w' ar a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of het eyes;
Yet looking once, I look'd 200 long,
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seem'd wave of lily leaves, It was so pure and fine,— O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,— But hodden-grey is mine; And homely hose must step apart, Where garter'd princes stand, But may he wear my love at heart That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns,
But I doubt if God made like degrees,
In courtly hearts and clowns.
My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame,
And all that's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame!

"Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,
"Tis vain, this idle speech,
For where her happy pearls do lie,
My tears may never reach;
Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say, of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Though all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak Such love as mine to tell. Yet had I words, I dare not speak. So, Lady, fare thee well; I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
Made such a churl of me,

SONG.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea,
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light;
The moon will veil her in the shade;
The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

TO • • • •

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

THE old Catholic City was still, In the Minster the vespers were sung. And, re-echoed in cadences shrill, The last call of the trumpet had rung: While, across the broad stream of the Rhine, The full Moon cast a silvery zone; And methought, as I gazed on its shine, "Surely that is the Eau de Cologne," I inquired not the place of its source, If it ran to the east or the west: But my heart took a note of its course. That it flow'd towards Her I love best-That it flow'd towards Her I love best. Like those wandering thoughts of my own, And the fancy such sweetness possess'd. That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne?

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill, and dale, and distant sea,

Through all the miles that stretch between

My thought must fly to rest on thee,

And would—though worlds should intervene,

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks The farther we are forced apart, Affection's firm elastic links But bind thee closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each, I learn what I have lost in thee; Ala; that nothing else could teach How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell! I did not know thy worth; But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized. So angels walked unknown on earth, But when they flew were recognised!

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Given of glowing light!

Though but a god of other days,

The kings and sages

Of wiser ages

Still live and gladden in thy genial rays!

King of the tuneful lyre,

Still poets' hymns to thee belong

Though lips are cold

Whereon of old

Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song i

Lord of the dreadful bow,

None triumph now for Python's death;

But thou dost save

From hungry grave

The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,

No more thy clouds of incense rise;

But waking flow'rs

At morning hours,

Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,

No more thou listenest to hymns sublime;

But they will leave

On winds at eve,

A solenn echo to the end of time.

TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—
Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing;
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—
Or rich romances from the florid West,—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—

Still by thy charm'd allegiance to the will, The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain, As by the fingering of fairy skill,—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain, Odours, and blooms, and my Miranda's smile, Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

'Twas in that mellow season of the year
When the hot sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold,—and with a broader sphere
'The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chiller clime;—
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,
Touch'd with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their prime.

So that, wherever I address'd my way,
I seem'd to track the melancholy feet
Of him that is the Father of Decay,
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet;
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat
To some unwasted regions of my brain,
Charm'd with the light of summer and the heat,
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,
And sorout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

It was a shady and sequester'd scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels ever green,
And roses that for endless summer blow;
And there were fountain springs to overflow
Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw
Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades,—
With timid coneys cropping the green blades.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish, Aigent and gold; and some of Tyrian skin, Some crimson-barr'd;—and ever at a wish They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin As glass upon their backs, and then dived in, Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom; Whilst others with fresh hues row'd forth to win My changeable regard,—for so we doom Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical;—and all were tame,
And peckèd at my hand where'er I came.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears,
For she was gracious to my childish years,
And made me free of her enchanted round;
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Feuced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

"Ah me," she cries, "was ever moonlight seen So clear and tender for our midnight trips? Go some one forth, and with a trump convene My lieges all!"—Away the goblin skips A pace or two apart, and defuly strips. The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek, Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips, Making it utter forth a shrill small shrick, Like a fray'd bird in the gray owlet's beak.

And lo! upon my fix'd delighted ken
Appear'd the loya! Fays.—Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that opened then,
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropp'd, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud—some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright Moon, had wash'd her car,
And still bedew'd it with a various stain:
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,
Was absent, whether some distemper'd spleen
Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been
Sometime obnoxious), kept him from his queen,
And made her now peruse the starry skies
Prophetical, with such an absent mien;
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs—

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon Their hushing dances languish'd to a stand, Like midnight leaves, when, as the Zephyrs swoon, All on their drooping stems they sink unfann'd,—So into silence droop'd the fairy band, To see their empress dear so pale and still Crowding her softly round on either hand, As pale as frosty snowdrops, and as chill, To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill.

"Alas," quoth she, "ye know our fairy lives
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men;
Not measured out against Fate's mortal knives,
Like human gossamers,—we perish when
We fade and are forgot in worldly ken—
Though poesy has thus prolong'd our date
Thanks to the sweet Bard's auspicious pen
That rescued us so long!—howbeit of late
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

"And this dull day my melancholy sleep
Hath been so thronged with images of woe,
That even now I cannot choose but weep
To think this was some sad prophetic show
Of future horror to befall us so,—
Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress,—
Yea, our poor empire's fall and overthrow,—
For this was my long vision's dreadful stress,
And when I waked my trooble was not less.

"Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,
Such leaden weight dragg'd these Icarian wings,
My faithless wand was wavering and weak,
And slimy toads had trespass'd in our rings—
The birds refused to sing for me—all things
Disown'd their old allegiance to our spells;
The rude bees prick'd me with their rebel stings;
And, when I pass'd, the valley-lily's bells
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

- "And ever on the faint and flagging air
 A doleful spirit with a dreary note
 Cried in my fearful ear, 'Prepare! prepare!'
 Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,
 Perch'd on a cypress-bough not far remote,—
 A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,
 That alway cometh with his soot-black coat
 To make hearts dreary:—for he is a blot
 Upon the book of life, as well ye wot!—
- "Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute, With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw, Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit Startled me all aheap!—and soon I saw The hortidest shape that ever raised my awe,—A monstrous giant, very huge and tall, Such as in elder times, devoid of law, With wicked might guieved the primeval ball, And this was sure the deadliest of them all!
- "Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,
 With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;
 So from his barren poll one hoary lock
 Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,
 Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown
 Like jaggèd icicles at cottage eaves;
 And for his coronal he wore some brown
 And bristled ears gather'd from Ceres' sheaves,
 Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

"And lo! upon a mast rear'd far aloft,
He bore a very bright and crescent blade.
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,
In meditative spite, that, sore dismay'd,
I crept into an acorn-cup for shade;
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by:
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

"And ever, as he sigh'd, his foggy breath
Blurr'd out the landscape like a flight of smoke:
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death
Or Time who leads all creatures to his stroke.
Ah wretched me!"—Here, even as she spoke,
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,
And lean'd his back against an antique oak.
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,
They scarce were seen against the Dryad's skin.

Then what a fear seized all the little rout!

Look how a flock of panic'd sheep will stare—
And huddle close—and start and—wheel about,
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there,—
So did that sudden Apparition scare
All close aheap those small affrighted things;
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings;
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings?

Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat, Bidding him spare for love, her lieges dear; "Alas!" quoth she, "is there no nodding wheat Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet,—Or wither'd leaves to ravish from the tree,—Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat? Think but what vaunting monuments there be Builded in spite and mockery of thee.

"O fret away the fabric walls of Fame,
And grind down marble Cæsars with the dust:
Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name,
And waste old armours of renown with rust:
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just:
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,
And check Ambition's overweening lust,
That dares exterminating war with Time,—
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

"Frail feeble sprites!—the children of a dream!
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,
Like motes dependent on the sunny beam,
Living but in the sun's indulgent ken,
And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then;—
So do we flutter in the glance of youth
And fervid fancy,—and so perish when
The eye of faith grows agèd;—in sad truth,
Feeling thy sway, O Time! though not thy tooth!

"Where be those old divinities forlorn,
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream!
Alas! their memories are dimm'd and torn,
Like the remainder tatters of a dream:
So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem;—
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.
O spare us then,—and these our pretty elves,—
We soon, alas! shall perish of ourselves!"

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name
Those old Olympians, scatter'd by the whirl
Of Fortune's giddy wheel and brought to shame,
Methought a scornful and malignant curl
Show'd on the lips of that malicious churi,
To think what noble haves he had made;
So that I fear'd he all at once would hur!
The harmless fairies into endless shade,—
Howbeit he stopp'd awhile to whet his biade.

Pity it was to hear the clims' wail
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread;
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,
Gaze on the grass as for a dying hed;
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,
That hung between two branches of a briar,
And'gan to swing and gambol, heels o'er head,
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
For him no present grief could long inspire.

Meanwhile the Queen with many piteous drops, Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free, Bedews a pathway from her throne;—and stops Before the foot of her arch enemy, And with her little arms enfolds his knee, That shows more grisly from that fair embrace; But she will ne'er depart. "Alas!" quoth she, "My painful fingers I will here enlace Till I have gain'd your pity for our race.

"What have we ever done to earn this grudge,
And hate—(if not too humble for thy hating?)—
Look o'er our labours and our lives, and judge
If there be any ills of our creating;
For we are very kindly creatures, dating
With nature's charities still sweet and bland:—
O think this murder worthy of debating!"
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,
Clad all in white like any chorister,
Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings.
That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,
And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer,—
And O his voice was sweet, touch'd with the gloom
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, "We make all melodics our cate,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music's great master—tuning everywhere
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

"We gather in loud choirs the twittering race, That make a chorus with their single note; And tend on new-fledged birds in every place, That duly they may get their tunes by rote; And oft, like echoes, answering remote, We hide in thickets from the feather'd throng, And strain in rivalship each throbbing throat, Singing in shill responses all day long, Whilst the glad truant list us to our song.

"Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love The raining music from a morning cloud, When vanish'd larks are carolling above, To wake Apollo with their pipings loud;— If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell, Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd. And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel."

Then Saturn thus:—"Sweet is the merry lark,
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable, from change to change t

"But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time, Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll Over hush'd ciries, and the midnight chime Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll Like a last knell over the dead world's soul, Saying. 'Time shall be final of all things, Whose late, last voice must elegise the whole,'—O then I clap aloft my brave broad wings, And make the wide air tremble while it rings!"

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meck address, Saying. "We be the handmaids of the Spring; In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress, Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing. We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming, And count the leafy tributes that they owe—As, so much to the earth—so much to fling In showers to the brook—so much to go In whitlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

"The pastoral Cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;
Pansies, and those veil'd nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;
And golden daffodils, pluck'd for May's Queen;
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice, turn'd fragrance in his breath,
Kiss'd by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

"The widow'd primrose weeping to the moon And Saffron crocus in whose chalice bright A cool libation houded for the moon Is kept—and she that purifies the light, The virgin lily, faithful to her white, Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame; And the most dainty rose, Autora's spright, Our every godchild, by whatever name—Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!"

Then that old Mower stamp'd his heel, and struck His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground, Saying "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crown'd With flow'ry chaplets, save when they are found Wither'd?.—When ver have I pluck'd a rose,

Except to scatter its vain leaves around?

For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,
And bring dycay on every flow'r that blows.

"Or when am I so wroth as when I view
The wanton pride of summer;—how she decks
The birthday world with blossoms ever-new,
As if Time had not lived, and heap'd great wrecks
Of years on years?—O then I bravely vex
And eatch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,
And raise great trophies to my ancient might."

Then saith another, "We are kindly things, And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—Witness these hearts embroider'd on our wings, To show our constant patronage of love:—We sit at even, in sweet bow'rs above Lovers, and shake tich odours on the air, To mingle with their sighs; and still remove The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

"And we are near the mother when she sits
Beside her infant in its wicker bed;
And we are in the fairy scene that flits
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,
And whilst the little merry soul is fled
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,
So that their careful parents they beguile,

"O then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow
At Love's dear portal, or at pale moon-rise
Crush'd the dear curl on a regardful brow,
That did not frown thee from thy honey prize—
If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,
And wood thee from thy careful thoughts within
To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,
Or glad thy fingers on his smooth soft skin,
For Love's dear sake, let us thy pity win!"

Then Saturn fiercely thus:—"What joy have I In tender babes, that have devour'd mine own, Whenever to the light I heard them cry, Till foolish Rhea cheated me with stone? Whereon, till now, is my great hunger shown, In monstrous dint of my enormous tooth; And—but the peopled world is too full grown For hunger's edge—I would consume all youth At one great meal, without delay or ruth!

"For I am well nigh crazed and wild to hear How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed, Saying, 'We shall not die nor disappear, But, in these other selves, ourselves succeed Ev'n as ripe flowers pass into their seed Only to be renew'd from prime to prime,' All of which boastings I am force to read, Besides a thousand challenges to Time, Which bragging lovers have compiled in rhyme. "Wherefore, when they are sweetly met o' nights,
There will I steal and with my hurried hand
Startle them suddenly from their delights
Before the next encounter had been plann'd,
Ravishing hours in little minutes spann'd;
But when they say farewell, and grieve apart,
Then like a leaden statue I will staud,
Meanwhile their many tears encrust my dart,
And with a ragged edge cut heart from heart."

Then next a merry Woodsman clad in green,
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood
Fach at his proper case, as they had been
Nursed in the liberty of old Shérwood,
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,
Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup,—
So come this chief right frankly, and made good
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup:—

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees, and all their furniture of green,
Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between;—
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen
Birds' crafty dwellings, as may hide them best,
But most the timid blackbird's—she that, seen,
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,
Lest man should care the darlings of her breast,

"We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And founting willows train in silvery falls;
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryads' halls,
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls;—
We shape all plumy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

"Sometimes we scoup the squirrel's hollow cell,
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,
That haply some lone musing wight may spell
Dainty Aminta,...Gentle Rosalind,....
Or chastest Laura,...sweetly call'd to mind
In sylvian solitudes, ere he lies down;....
And sometimes we entich grey stems with twit ed
And vaguant ivy,...or rich moss, whose brown
Burns into gold as the weart sun goes down.

"And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer, We bear the seedling bernies, for increase, To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year, Careful that misletoe may never cease;— Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace Of sombre forests, or to see light break Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake, Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad's sake."

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Then Saturn with a frown:—"Go forth, and fell
Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by
Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell
To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky
Through tangled branches, for ye shall not 'py
The next green generation of the tree;
But hence with the dead leaves, whenc'er they ffy,—
Which in the bleak air I would rather see,
Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be

"For I dislike all prime, and verdant pets,

Ivy except, that on the aged wall

Preys with its worm like roots, and daily frets

The crumbled tower it seems to league withal,

King-like, worn down by its own coronal:—

Neither in forest haunts love I to won,

Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,

And leaves the brown bleak limbs with few leaves on,

Or bare—like Nature in her skeleton.

"For then sit I amongst the crooked boughs, Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs; And there in rustling nuptrals we espouse, Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes;—But Hope must have green bowers and blue skfes, And must be courted with the gauds of Spring; Whilst Youth leans god-like on her lap, and cries, "What shall we always do, but love and sing?"—And Time is reckon'd a discarded thing."

Here in my dream it made me fret to see
How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while
Had blithely jested with calamity,
With misstimed mirth mocking the doleful style
Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile
To see him so reflect their grief aside,
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile—
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide;—
But soon a novel advocate I spied.

Quoth he—"We teach all natures to fulfil Their fore-appointed enafts, and instincts meet,—The bee's sweet alchemy,—the spider's skill,—The pismire's care to garner up his wheat,—And rustic masonry to swallows fleet,—The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest,—But most, that lesser pelican, the sweet And shilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast, Its tender pity of poor bakes distrest.

"Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skins Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves From our example; so the spider spins, And eke the silk-worm, pattern'd by ourselves: Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves Of early bees, and busy toils commence, Watch'd of wise men, that know not we are elves, But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense, And praise our human-like intelligence.

"Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale, And praintive dirges the late robins sing, What time the leaves are scattered by the gale, Mindful of that old forest burying;— As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing, For whom our craft most curiously contrives, If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing, To take his honey-bag,—spare us our lives, And we will pay the ransom in full hives."

"Now by my glass," quoth Time, "ye do offend In teaching the brown bees that careful lore, And frugal ants, whose millions would have end, But they lay up for need a timely store, And travail with the seasons evermore; Whereas Great Manmoth long hath pass'd away, And none but I can tell what hide he wore; Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day, In riddling wonder his great bones survey."

Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold, Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun Hath all embroider'd with its crooked gold, It was so quaintly wrought and overrun With spangled traceries,—most meet for one That was a warden of the pearly streams;—And as he stept out of the shadows dun, His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams, And shot into the air their pointed beams.

Quoth he,—"We bear the gold and silver keys
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below.
Course thro' the veiny earth,—which when they freeze
Into hard crysolites, we bid to flow,
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,
We guide their windings to melodious falls,
At whose soft murmurings, so sweet and low,
Poets have tuned their smoothest madrigals,
To sing to ladies in their banquet-halls.

"And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat
Parches the river god,—whose dusty urn
Drips miserably, till soon his crystal feet
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,
And languished fish, unpoised, grow sick and yearn,—
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,
And little channels dig, wherein we turn
The thread-worn rivulet, that all for-ook
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

"Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads, With living sapphires daintily inlaid,— In all soft songs of waters and their reeds,— And all reflections in a streamlet made, Haply of thy own love, that, disarray'd, Kills the fair lily with a livelier white,— By silver trouts upspringing from green shade, And winking stars reduplicate at night, Spare us, poor ministers to such delight,"

Howheit his pleading and his gentle looks
Moved not the spiteful Shade:—Quoth he, "Your taste
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks
And slavish rivulets that run to waste
In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste
To swell the vast dominion of the sea,
In whose great presence I am held disgraced,
And neighbour'd with a king that rivals me
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

"Whereas I ruled in Chaos, and still keep
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,
Before the briny fountains of the deep
Brimm'd up the hollow cavities of earth;—
I saw each trickling Sea-God at his birth,
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,
And infant Titans of enormous girth,
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks,
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks,

"Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,
That scared the world?—By this sharp scythe they fell
And half the sky was cuidled with their blood;
So have all primal giants sigh'd farewell.
No wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,
Nor pearly Naiads. All their days are done
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel;
Wherefore I razed their progenics, and none
But my great shalow intercepts the sun!"

Then said the timid Fay—"Oh, mighty Time! Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans' fall, For they were stain'd with many a bloody ctime: Great giants work great wrongs,—but we are small, For love goes lowly;—but Oppression's tall, And with surpassing strides goes foremost still Where love indeed can hardly reach at all; Like a poor dwarf o'erburthen'd with good will, That labours to effect the tracks of ill.—

"Man even strives with Man, but we eschew
The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes althor;
Nay, we are gentle as the sweet heaven's dew
Beside the red and hould drops of war,
Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,
Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite:
For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,
But only when all love hath taken flight,
And youth's warm gracious heart is harden'd quite.

"So are our gentle natures in crtwined With sweet humanities, and closely knit In kindly sympathy with human kind. Witness how we befriend, with clfin wit, All hopeless maids and lovers,—nor omit Magical succours unto hearts forlorn:—We charm man's life, and do not perish it;—So judge us by the helps we showed this morn, To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

"Twas nigh sweet Amwell;—for the Queen had task'd Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,
Whereon the noontide sun had not yet bask'd;
Wherefore some patient man we thought to see,
Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,
Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim;—
Howbeit no patient fisherman was he
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.

"His face was ashy pale, and leaden care Had sunk the levell'd arches of his brow, Once bridges, for his joyous thoughts to fare Over those melancholy springs and slow, That from his piteous eyes began to flow, And fell anon into the chilly stream; Which, as his mimick'd image showed below, Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam, Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

"And lo! upon the air we saw him stretch
His passionate arms! and, in a wayward strain,
He 'gan to elegise that fellow wretch
That with mute gestures answer'd him again,
Saying, 'Poor slave, how long wilt thou remain
Life's sad weak captive in a prison strong,
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong?—
Thou wear'st that mortal livery too long!

"This, with more spleenful speeches and some tears, When he had spent upon the imaged wave, Speedily I convened my elfin peers
Under the lily-cups, that we might save
This worful mortal from a wilful grave
By shrewd diversions of his mind's regret, Seeing he was mere melanchoty's slave,
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,
And straight was tangled in her secret net.

"Therefore, as still he watch'd the waters flow, Daintily we transform'd, and with bright fins Came glancing through the gloom; some from below Rose like dim funcies when a dream begins, Snatching the light upon their purple skins; Then under the broad leaves made slow retire: One like a golden galley bravely wins Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

"And so he banish'd thought, and quite forgot
All contemplation of that wretched face:
And so we wiled him from that lonely spot
Along the river's brink; till, by heaven's grace,
He met a gentle haunter of the place,
Full of sweet wisdom gather'd from the brooks,
Who there discuss'd his melancholy case
With wholesome texts learn'd from kind nature's books,
Meanwhile he newly timm'd his lines and hooks."

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now—"Let me remember how I saved a man,
Whose fatal noose was fastened on a bough,
Intended to abridge his sad life's span;
For haply I was by when he began
His stern soliloquy in life's dispraise,
And overheard his melancholy plan,
How he had made a vow to end his days,
And therefore follow'd him in all his ways,

"Through brake and tangled copse, for much he loathed All populous haunts, and roam'd in forest rude, To hide himself from man. But I had clothed My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued, Where only foxes and wild cats intrude, Till we were come beside an ancient tree Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew'd His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

"It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Push'd through the rotten sod for fear's remark;
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
With many blasted oaks moss-grown and grey,

"But here upon his final desperate clause
Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,
Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
The sad remainder oozing from his brain
In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain;
Meanwhile the deadly Fates unclosed their shears:
So pity me and all my fated peers!"

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hush'd: When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads, And red as rose the gentle Fairy blush'd To read the records of her own good deeds:—"It chanced," quoth she, "in seeking through the meads For honied cow-lips, sweetest in the mern, Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads, And Echo answer'd to the huntsman's horn, We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

"A little, sorrowful, descried thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring;
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care;—
Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gosamers across his forehead fair.

"His pretty ponting mouth, witless of speech, Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell; And his young cheek was softer than a peach, Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell, But quickly roil'd themselves to pearls, and fell, Some on the grass, and some against his hand, Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well, Which love beside his mouth had sweetly plann'd, Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

"Pity it was to see those frequent trans
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Soften'd betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild;—
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,
They show'd the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any easft defiled.

"Pity it was to see the ardent sun
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shilly cries,
All round the infant noisily we swarm,
Haply some passing rustic to advise—
Whilst providential Fleaven our care espies,

- "And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
 Who, wond'ring at our loud unusual note,
 Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
 The orphan child laid in the grass remote,
 And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
 Who thence was mutured in his kindly cot:—
 But how he prosper'd let proud London quote,
 How wise, how rich, and how renown'd he got,
 And chief of all her citizens, I wot.
- "Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,
 Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandise,—
 Jewels from Ind, and peads from courtly dames.
 And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies:
 Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,
 The mart of merchants from the East and West;
 Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,
 Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,
 The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest—
- "The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,
 That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,
 Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,
 Inspirited with dew to leap and sing:—
 So let us also live, eternal King!
 Partakers of the green and pleasant earth:—
 Pity it is to slay the meanest thing,
 That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth:
 Enough there is of joy's decrease and dearth

"Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,
Perish'd and gone, and hasting to decay;—
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty
Or spite it is to havoc and to slay:
Too many a lovely race razed quite away,
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving:—
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,
And spare fiesh sighs, and tears, and grouns, reproving
Thy desolating hand for our removing."

Now here I heard a shaill and sudden cry,
And, looking up, I saw the antic Puck
Grapphog with Time, who clutch'd him like a fly,
Victim of his own sport,—the jester's luck!
He, whilst his fellows grieved, poor wight, had stuck
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient's brow,
And now his ear, and now his Leard, would plack;
Whereas the angry chull had snatch'd him now,
Crying "Thou impish mischief, who art thou?"

"Alas!" quoth Puck, "a little random elf, Born in the sport of nature, like a weed, For simple sweet enjoyment of myself, But for no other purpose, worth, or need; And yet withal of a most happy breed; And there is Robin Goodfellow besides, My partner dear in many a prankish deed To make dame Laughter hold her jolly sides, Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

- "Tis we that bob the angler's idle cork,
 Till e'en the patient man breathes half a curse;
 We steal the morsel from the gossip's fork,
 And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,
 Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid verse:
 And when an infant's beauty prospers ill,
 We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse:
 Eut any graver purpose to fulfil,
 We have not wit enough and scarce the will.
- "We never let the canker melancholy
 To gather on our faces like a rust,
 But gloss our features with some change of folly,
 Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,
 But only sortowing when sorrow must:
 We ruminate no sage's sclemn cud,
 But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
 To frisk upon a wind,—whereas the flood
 Of tears would turn us into heavy med.
- "Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,
 Who gloze her lively universal law,
 As if she had not form'd our cheerful feature
 To be so cickled with the slightest straw!
 So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw
 The corners downward, like a wat'ry moon,
 And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw—
 We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
 Or nur e November on the lap of Jane.

"For ours are winging sprites, like any bird, That shun all stagnant settlements of grief; And even in our rest our hearts are stirr'd, Like insects settled on a dancing leaf:—
This is our small philosophy in brief, Which thus to teach both set me all agape: But dost thou relish it? O houry chief! Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape, And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape."

Then Saturn thus.—shaking his crooked blade O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash In all the fairies' eyes, dismally fray'd! His ensuing voice came like the thunder crach—Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash—"Thon feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing! Whom nought can frighten, sadden, or abash,—To hope my solemn countenance to wring To idiot smiles!—but I will prune thy wing!

"Lo! this most awful handle of my scythe
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,
To wanton pipings;—but I pluck'd it down,
And robed the May Queen in a churchyard gown,
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue;
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,
And laid each lusty leaper in the dow;—
So thou shalt fare—and every jovial crew!"

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch His mortal engine with each grisly hand, Which frights the clfin progeny so much, They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand All round Titania, like the queen bee's hand, With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe!—Meanwhile, some moving argument I plann'd, To make the stern Shade merciful,—when lo! He drops his fatal scythe without a blow!

For just at need, a timely Apparition
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt;
Making him change his horrible position,
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,
That dares Time's irresistible affront,
'Whose strokes have scan'd even the gods of old:—
Whereas this seem'd a mortal, at mere hunt
For coneys, lighted by the moonchine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.

Who, turning to the small assembled fays,
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap;
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,
As if in question of this magic chance,
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap;
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance:—

"Oh, these be Fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth;—
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air screner,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

"These be the pretty genii of the flow'rs,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of Romance's view;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
Famous for patronage of lovers true;—
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appal them."

O what a cry was Saturn's then!—it made
The fairies quake. "What care I for their pranks,
However they may lovers choose to aid,
Or dance their roundelays on flow'ry banks?—
Long must they dance before they carn my thanks,—
So step aside, to some far safer spot,
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,
And with the next day's sun to be forgot."

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen;
But still the gracious Shade disarm'd his aim,
Stepping with brave alactity between,
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.
His be perpetual glory for the shame
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat!—
But I must tell how here Titania came
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat
II's kindly succour, in sad tones, but sweet.

Saying, "Thou seest a wretched queen before thee, The fading power of a failing land,
Who for a kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,
Now menaced by this tyrant's spoiling hand;
No one but thee can hopefully with tand
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.
I pray thee blind him with his own rule sand,
Which only times all ruins by its drift,
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

"Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft, That hangs upon his bald and barren crown; And we will sing to see him so rebuff'd, And lend our little mights to pull him down, And make brave sport of his malicious frown, For all his boastful mockery o'er men. For thou wast born I know for this renown, By my most magical and inward ken, That readoth ev'n at Fate's forestalling pen.

"Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,
And by thy check thus passionately wan,
I know the signs of an immortal man,—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
And shine untarnish'd by the fegs of Fate,
Time's famous rival till the final date!

"O shield us then from this usurping Time,
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams;
And teach thee tunes, to wed unto thy rhyme,
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,
Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen;
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,
Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!

"And we'll distil the aromatic dews,
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flow'rs;
And flavour'd syrups in thy drinks infuse,
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bow'rs,
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,
With all that clfin wits can c'er devise.
And, this churl dead, there'll be no hasting hours
To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies: "—
Here she was stope'd by Saturn's furious cries.

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew, Saying, "Thou haggard Sin, go forth, and scoop Thy hollow coffin in some churchyard yew, Or make th' autumnal flow'rs turn pale, and droop; Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop Under fat sheaves,—or blast the piny grove;— But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group, Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove, But leased on Nature's loveliness and love.

"Tis these that free the small entangled fly,
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare;—
These be the petty surgeons that apply
The healing bal ams to the wounded hare,
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care!—
These be providers for the orphan brood,
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,
Quitting with gaping bill her darlings' food,
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

"'Tis these befriend the timid trembling stag. When, with a bursting heart beset with fears, He feels his saving speed begin to flag; For then they quench the fatal taint with tears, And prompt fresh shifts in his alarum'd ears, So pitcously they view all bloody morts; Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears, Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports, They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

"For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
For mercy still con-orts with littleness;—
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;—
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

"Likewise to them are Poets much beholden
For secret favours in the midnight glooms;
Brave Spenser quaff'd out of their goblets golden,
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,
And heard their horus of honeysuckle blooms
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—
And glanced this fair queen's witchery full oft,
And in her magic wain soar'd far aloft.

"Nay I myself, though mortal, once was nursed By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,
And in my childish car glib Mab rehearsed
Her breezy travels round our planet's girth,
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth;
My gramarye at her grave lay I conn'd,
Where Puck hath been convened to make me mirth;
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond.
And toy'd with Oberon's permitted wand.

١.

"With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me, And delicate cates after my sunset meal,
And took me by my childish hand, and led me
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:
And when the West spackled at Phoebus' wheel,
With fairy cuphrasy they purged mine eyes,
To let me see their cities in the skies.

"Twas they first school'd my young imagination
To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,
And show'd the span of winged meditation
Stretch'd wider than things grossly seen or heard,
With sweet swift Ariel how I soar'd and stirr'd
The fragrant blooms of spiritual bow'rs!
'Twas they endear'd what I have still preferr'd,
Nature's blest attributes and balmy pow'rs
Her hills and vales and brooks, sweet birds and flow'rs!

"Wherefore with all true royalty and duty
Will I regard them in my honouring rhyme,
With love for love, and homages to beauty,
And magic thoughts gather'd in night's cool clime,
With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells;
So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime
Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells,"

Look how a poison'd man turns livid black, Drugg'd with a cup of deadly hellebore, 'That sets his horrid features all at rack, So seem'd these words into the ear to pour Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage, Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more, And bade the cluster'd sinews all engage, As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

Whereas the blade flash'd on the dinted ground, Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound; But Time was long benumb'd, and stood a-jar, And then with baffled rage took flight afar, To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom, Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar, Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom, Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.

Howbeit he vanish'd in the forest shade,
Distantly heard as if some grumbling pard,
And, like Nymph Echo, to a sound decay'd;—
Meanwhile the fays cluster'd the gracious Bard,
The darling centre of their dear regard:
Besides of sundry dances on the green,
Never was mortal man so brightly starr'd,
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.
"Nod to him, Elves!" cries the melodious queen.

3

- "Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,
 And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,
 And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,
 The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud;
 But he hath all dispersed Death's tearful cloud,
 And Time's dread effigy scared quite away:
 Bow to him then, as though to me ye bow'd,
 And his dear wishes prosper and obey
 Wherever love and wit can find a way!
- "Noint him with fairy dew of magic savours. Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet, Roses and spicy pinks,—and, of all tavours, Plant in his walks the purple violet, And meadow-sweet under the edges set, To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine And honeysuckles sweet,—nor yet forget Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine, To vie the thoughts about his brow benign!
- "Let no wild things astonish him or fear him, But tell them all how mild he is of heart, Till e'en the timid hares go frankly near him, And eke the dappled does, yet never start; Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart, Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves, Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart;—But bid the sacred swallow haunt his caves, To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves.

"Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts,
For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor,—
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts,
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts,—
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
However he may watch their straw-built huts;—
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings."

Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head; Which, though deserted by the radiant wand, Wears still the glory which her waving shed, Such as erst crown'd the old Apostle's head, To show the thoughts, there harbour'd, were divine, And on immortal contemplations fed:—Goodly it was to see that glory shine Around a brow so lofty and benign!—

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood
Contend for kisses of his gentle hand,
That had their mortal enemy withstood,
And stay'd their lives, fast ebbing with the sand.
Long while this strife engaged the pretty band;
But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,
Challenged the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,
Which sounds the knell of every selfish charm.

And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise From plashy mead and undiscover'd stream, Earth's morning incense to the early skies, Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream. Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme—A shapeless shade, that fancy disavow'd, And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme. Then flew Titania,—and her little crowd, Like flocking linnets, vanish'd in a crowd.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ı.

On, 'tis a touching thing, to make one weep,—
A tender infant with its curtain'd eye,
Breathing as it would neither live nor die
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!
As if its silent dream, seiene and deep,
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky
So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie
With no more life than roses—just to keep
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,
So sweet a compromise of life and death,
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose
For memory to stain their inward leaf,
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

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TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

11.

Tunne cyclids slept so beauteously, I deem'd
No eyes could wake so beautiful as they:
Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,
I love their peacefulness, nor ever dream'd
Of dimples:—for those parted lips so seem'd,
I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,
Nor that so graceful life could chase away
Thy graceful death,—till those blue eyes upbeam'd.
Now siumber lies in dimpled eddies drown'd,
And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
And odorous silence ripens into sound,
And fingers move to sound.—All-beauteous boy!
How thou dost waken into smiles, and prove,
If not more lovely, thou art more like Love!

VERSES IN AN ALBUM.

FAR above the hollow
Tempest, and its moan,
Singeth bright Apollo
In his golden zone,—
Cloud doth never shade him,
Nor a storm invade him,
On his joyous throne.

So when I behold me
In an oib as bright,
How thy soul doth fold me
In its throne of light!
Sorrow never paineth,
Nor a care attaineth,
To that blessed height,

THE FORGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

PART I.

Like a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—
In short if the truth were spoken,
It's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocker.

For oh! to stop
On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic—

Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans
As if it writhed with the cholic—
With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—
In a region so diabolic!

A place where he whom we call Old Scratch,
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
Gives midnight concerts and sermons,
In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
And well adapted, he knows, to catch
The musical, mystical Germans!

However it's quite
As wild a night
As ever was known on that sinister height
Since the Demon-Dance was morriced—
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling
As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old BLACK FOREST!

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,

On a gusty shore

Mourning over the mariners' graves—
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation

From a howling set
Of demons met

To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly

Over the dark distracted sky,

At a pace that no pen can paint!

Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,

Scudding over the moon that seems,

Shorn of half her usual beams,

As pale as if she would faint!

The lightoing flashes,
The thunder crashes,
The trees encounter with horrible clashes,
While rolling up from marish and bog,
Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,
But leaving at once his heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,

And whenever by chance

The moon gets a glance,

She spies the Traveller's lonely form, Walking, leaping, striding along,

As none can do but the super-strong;

And flapping his arms to keep him warm,

For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,

And to tell the truth.

More keen, in sooth,

And cutting than any German carver!

However, no time it is to lag,

And on he scrambles from crag to crag,

Like one determined never to flag-

Now weathers a block

Of jutting rock,

With hardly 100m for a toe to wag;

But holding on by a timber snag,

That looks like the arm of a friendly hag; Then stooping under a drooping bough,

Or leaping over some horrid chasm,

Enough to give any heart a spasm!

And sinking down a precipice now,

Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,

In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof, Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,

Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if

He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff!

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
Enough to bewikler a weaker brain,
Or blanch any other visage than his,
Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,

And the horrid abyss,

If his foot should miss,

Instead of tending at all to pale,

Like cheeks that feel the chill of affiight—

Remains the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite—his iron nerve

Feels no convulsive twitches;

And as to his foot, it does not swerve,

Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that serve

For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies

The gleam of the Were Wolf's horrid eyes,
But if his members quiver—

It is not for that—no, it is not for that—

Nor rat,

Nor cat,

As black as your hat,

Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spac, Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat, Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat, No anserine skin would rise thereat, It's the cold that makes Him shiver!

So down, still down, through gully and glen,

Never trodden by foot of men,

Past the Eagle's nest and the She-Wolf's den,

Never caring a jot how steep

Or how narrow the track he has to keep,

Or how wide and deep

An abyss to leap,

Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,

Down he hurries through darkness and storm

Flapping his arms to keep him warm—

Till threading many a pass abhorient,

At last he reaches the mountain gorge,

And takes a path along by a torrent—

The very identical path, by St. George!

Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,

With a message meant for his own death-warrant!

Young Fridolin; young Fridolin!
So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
The best of pages
Whatever their ages,
Since first that singular fashion came in—

Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons
With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
A little gold lace you may introduce—
Very showy, but as for use,
Not worth so many buttons!

Young Fridolin; young Fridolin!
Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
But here we need no farther go
For whosoever desires the Tale to know,
May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds. Whither his guiding beacon leads, For by yonder glare In the murky air. He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there! With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim, Hosts, a guest had better forbear, Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare-But stiff with cold in every limb. The Furnace Fire is the bait for Him! Faster and faster still he goes, Whilst redder and redder the Welkin glows, And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky Get crimson fringes in flitting by. Till lo! amid the luid light, The darkest object intensely dark,

Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
Like the pirch-black hull of a burning bark,
With volleying smoke, and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white!

Restless, quivering tongues of flame!

Heavenward striving still to go,

While others, reversed in the stream below,
Seem secking a place we will not name,
But well that Traveller knows the same,
Who stops and stands,
So rubbing his hands,
And snuffing the rare
Perfumes in the air,

For old familiar odours are there,
And then direct by the shortest cut,
Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,

PART II.

IDLY watching the Furnace-flames,

The men of the stithy
Are in their smithy,

Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,

Makes his way to the blazing hut!

But hybrids rather of demon race,
Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
Who never had gone by Christian names,
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
From touch of natural shame exempt,
Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
When raced with frightful truth and vigour,
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
Retsch has drawn the very wretches!

However, there they lounge about,
The grim, gigantic fellows,
Hardly hearing the storm without,
That makes so very dreadful a rout,
For the constant roar
From the furnace door,
And the blast of the moestrous bellows!

Oh, what a scene
That Forge had been
For Salvator Rosa's study!
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,
And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,
Illumed by a light so ruddy
The Hut, and whatever there is therein.
Looks either red-hot or bloody!

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And, oh! to hear the frequent burst Of strange, extravagant laughter, Harsh and hoarse.

And resounding perforce

From echoing roof and rafter! Though curses, the worst

That ever were curst.

And threats that Cain invented the first. Come growling the instant after!

But again the livelier peal is rung,

For the Smith, hight Salamander, In the jargon of some manic tongue.

Elsewhere never said or sung.

With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung Some cumbrous sort

Of sledge-hammer retort

At Red Beard the crew's commander.

Some frightful jest-who knows how wild.

Or obscene, from a monster so defiled.

And a horrible mouth, of such extent,

From flapping ear to ear it went, And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled-

The very mouth to devour a child!

But fair or foul the jest gives birth

To another bellow of demon minth.

That far outroars the weather.

As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth

Had clubb'd their laughs together.

And lo! In the middle of all the din,
Not seeming to care a single pin,
For a prospect so volcanic,
A Stranger steps abruptly in,
Of an aspect rather Satanic:
And he looks with a grin, at those Cyclops
Who stare and grin again at him
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the stranger goes,
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
And warm his frozen fingers and toes—
While each succeeding minute,
Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows,
And seems to declare,
By a fiercer glare,
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
It knows the deal is up it

Still not a word
Is uttered or heard,
But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,
Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
And makes a shift
To impart his drift
To a smoky brother, who joining the finks,
Hints to the third the thing he thinks;

3

And whatever it be,
They all agree
In smiling with faces full of glee,
As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
By way of diversion, who can say,
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke
Of burning Robert the Jüger to coke,
Except as a capital practical joke!
Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,
Or any gentle emotion felt;
But hard as the iron they had to melt,
Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder!

Meanwhile the Stranger—
The Brocken Rauger,
Besides another and hotter post,
That renders him not averse to a roast,—
Creeping into the Furnace almost,
Has made himself as warm as a toast—
When, unsuspicious of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot,
As treating his body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven

In pastime cruel,

Like so much fuel,

Keadlong into the blazing oven!

In he goes! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they stand,
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,

To hinder their Butt from crawling out, Who making one fierce attempt, but vain,

Receives such a blow

From Red-Beard's crow

As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,

And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,

With merely an interjectional "oh!"

Back he rolls in the flames again.

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" That second fall Seems the very best joke of all,

> To judge by the roar, Twice as loud as before,

That fills the Hut, from the roof to the floor, And flies a league or two out of the door Up the mountain and over the moor,— But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake

Have well begun

To take up the fun,

Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,
And begin to feel that the deed they have done,
Instead of being a pleasant one,
Was a very great error—and no mistake.

For why?—in lieu
Of its former hue,
So natural, warm, and florid,
The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
And instead of the couleur de rose it threw,
With a cooler reflection,—justly due—
Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,
Livid, ghastly, and horrid!

But vainly they close their guilty eyes Against prophetic fears: Or with hard and horny palms devise To dam their enormous ears-There are sounds in the air. Not here or there. Irresistible voices everywhere. No bulwarks can ever rebut. And to match the screams. Tremendous gleams, Of Horrors that like the phantoms of dreams They see with their eyelids shut! For awful coveys of terrible things, With forked tongs and venomous stings, On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings, Are hovering round the Hut! Shapes, that within the focus bright

Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots: But farther off, in the shades of night. Clothed with their own phosphoric light. Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds! that fill the air with noises, Strange and indescribable voices, From Hags, in a diabolical clatter-Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter Scraps of cabalistical matter-

Owls that scieuch, and dogs that yell-Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter-All the domestic tribes of Hell. Shricking for flesh to tear and tatter,

Bones to shatter.

And limb to scatter. And who it is that must furnish the latter Those blue-looking Men know well! Those blue-looking men that huddle together, For all their sturdy limbs and thews, Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews, And buffalo beards, and hides of leather. Huddled all in a heap together, Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether, And as females say.

In a similar way, Fit for knocking down with a feather! in and out, in and out,

The gathering goblins hover about,

Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout;

For like a spell The uncarthly smell

That furnes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,

Draws them in - an infernal Lagion ---

From East, and West, and North, and South,

Like carriou birds from ev'ty region,

Till not a gard square Of the sick aing air

But has a Demon or two for its shore

Breathing fury, woo, and de part-

Never, never was such a sight:

It beats the very Walpurg's Night

Displayed in the very of Docro Fanctus, For the scene to describe

Of the awful tribe.

If we were two Gothe's, would quite oah aist us !

Suffice it, amid that drewy swarm,

There musters each four repulsive form

That ever a fancy overwarm

Begot in its worst delamin;

Besides some others of moustrous size. Never before revealed to eye,

Of the genus Megatherman'

Meanwhile the demons, tably and loat, Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,

Are not contented to jibber and how!

As a dirge for their late commander;
But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
Springs on the grisly Salamander,
Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
No paltry strile,
But for life, dear life,
But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
Till far beyond a surgical case,
With startling eyes, and black in the face,

A pretty cight for his mates to view!

Those this, we murderers looking so blue,

A of for him above ali,

Red-hearded and tall,

With whom, at that very particular nick,
There is such an unducky crow to pick,
As the one of iron did the trick

In a recent bloody affair—

No wonder feeling a little sick,

With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
And breath he never found so thick,

He longs for the open air!

Down he tumbles as dead as bricks !

Three paces, or four, And he gains the door;

THE FORGE.

But ere he accomplishes one,
The sound of a blow comes heavy and dult,
And clasping his fingers round his skull—
However the deed was done,
That gave him that florid
Red ga-h on the forchead—
With a roll of the ey balls perfectly horrid,
There's a tremalous quiver,
The last death-shiver,
And Red-Board's course is run!

Halloo! Halloo! They have done for two! But a heavyish job remains to do! For youder, sledge and shovel in hand, Like elder Soas of Giant Despair, A couple of Cyclops make a stand, And fiercely hammering here and there, Keep at bay the Powers of Air-But desperation is all in vain!-They faint-they choke, For the sulphurous smoke Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain, They reel, they sink they gasp, they smother, One for a moment survives his brother, Then rolls a corpse across the other! Hulloo! Hulloo!

And Hullabaloo!
There is only one more thing to do—

And seized by beak, and talon, and claw, Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four buge Bodies are hapl'd and shoven
Each after each in the roating oven !

That Eisen Hatte is standing still,
Go to the Harry whenever you will,
And there it is beside a ball,
And a rapid the up that turns many a mill;
The self-same Forg y--yea'll know it as sight—
Casting upward, day and night.
Flames of rel, and yellow, and white!

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—
thugely fed with fuel and ore;
But ever since that tremendous Revel,
Whatever from is melted therein,—
As Prayellers know who have been to Berlin—
ts all as black as the Devill.

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

ON WHITLLM'S METHOD.

THERE'S a Music aloft in the air
"As if Cherubs were bumming a song.
Now it's high, now it's low, here an I there,
"There's a Harmony floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy.
To the time of the bells' ting 1-ding,
Let us chime in a ped, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hillightshoot!

We are Chartists, Destructives and rogues, We are Radicets, Tories, and Whigs, We are Charchman, Disserters, what not, We are asses, curs, mankeys and pigs, But in spite of the slanderous names Partisans on each other will thing.

The in concord we cannot agree, Yet we all in a chorus shall sing

Hulfahbaloo!

We may not have a happy New Year, Be perplex'd by all possible ills— Find the bread and the meat very dear, And he troubled with very hard billsYet like linnets, cock-robins and wrens, Larks, and reghting des joyous in Spring, Or the finches saluting their hens, Sure we all should be able to sing

Hullahbaloo!

We have made a Lilliput purse,
And the change in the purse very small,
And our notes may not pass at the Bank,
But they're current at Exerci (Hall).
Then a fig for foul weather and togs!
And whatever Misfortane rany bring,
If we go to the dogs—has the dogs.
In a pack we are able to sing.

tullahbaloo t

Though the cost may be worn with a badge—
Or the kerelideline prize for a prig—
Or the sinit never some to the wash—
There's the Gamet for little and big!
Of then come rich and poor, young and old,
For of course it's a very fine thing,
Spite of Misery, (larger, and cold,
That we all are so able to sing

Hullahbaloo

There are Demons to worry the rich,
There are monsters to to ture the poor,
There's the Worm that will gnaw at the heart,
There's the Wolf that will come to the door!

2020

We may even be short of the cash
For the tax to a queen or a king,
And the broker may sell off our beds,
But we still shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo!

There's Consumption to wither the weak,
There are five is that humble the stout—
A disease may be tife with the young,
Or a postilence walking about—
Desolution may visit our hives,
And old Death's pritaphorical sting
May dispose of the dearest of wives,
But we all shall be able to dog

Hullaisbaloo !

We may farm at a very lidely rent,
And with gurno manne an inch deep,
We may sow, whether broadcast or drill,
And have only the whirlwind to reap,
All our corn may be sported in the ear,
And our barns be ignited by Swing,
And our sheep may die off with the rot,
But we all shall be able to sing

Hullalibaloo!

Our acquaintance may cut us direct, Even Love may become rather cold, And a friend of our carlier years May look shy at the coat that is old;

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

We may not have a twig or a straw, Not a reed where affection may cling, Not a deg tor our love, or a car, But we still shall be able to sing

Liullahbaloo !

Some are pallid with watching and want, Some are burning with blickers of shame; Some has a foot all they had in the world, And are banking to be some and mone. Some have wasted a finiting in trade = And by going at all arthorning.

Some have less element of the ring.

But they all will form to the

Hallalibaloo!

Some are decrease the street heat Perpara, And considerate to the arrange of it. That they are modeled we were bridge, Of the pistole tope person and kinde; To the Leepler of Rushes and Same We are not poing up in a riving; And to some even Herven scens black. But we all shall be able to sing.

Hullalibaloo!

We may give up the strapple with Care, And the last lettle hope that would stop, We to a strive visits a Great Despair—From the very blue sky we may drop,

SONG FOR THE MILLION.

By some sudden bewildering blow Stricken down like a bird on the wing,— Or with hearts breaking surely and dow— But we all shall be able to sing

Hullabhaloo!

Oh! no matter bow wretched we be, How ill-lody'd, or ill clad, or ill-led, And with only one tile for a cook,—
That we carry about on the head:
We may creak with a very bad cold,
Or a throat that's a day as a ting,—
There's the Street or the letters for its all,
For we all shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo!

Then is a Mu ic about to the air.

As if Cherubs were humming a song
Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
'There's a Harmony floating along!

While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the time of the bells' ring-se-ding.

Let us chime in a peal one and all,

For we all should be able to sing

I fullahirdoo!

COME, TAKE THY PENCIL.

"Come, take thy pencil-paint my love More tender than most tender dove: Suffuse her cheeks with that warm glow Would fain on lover hope bestow; And make it frequent go and come Back to and from it signful home. Lay on her tengue the tope of truth, The Vesper Hymn of virgin youth, She loves each command on praise, To lisp to Sel's decomportars; And hide that song from vulgar mer-Within I can mest hallow'd ran-By divide wood pillars, cheek At Pan in the moral rate 1, 18- 3. Proportions has be adour to carbo : Round them all an russes governibe. In her fond voteptnour clan Mould a dimple, hearts to gin; And make thy magic heart upicar A heartscare smile b hind each tear [Sec.]. Give to her feet the airy motion Or sunbeams to mbling on the ocean; Lay her white fingers on a harp Ot gold, the power of gloom to warp. And if thou canst, in its warm nest Paint, paint the Least beneath the breast;

TO CELIA.

Make visible its million springs,
Nor snap one of its thousand strings;
Depict it in a tear-wove guise
Floating upon a sea of sighs,
Its hundred cars included to one
Sweet tale of love, 'No., &c.

TO CELIA.

Our fictions say that Love both eyes Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none; Bliad as the right! but fiction lies, For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all miveil, To one our flaws are all exposed; But when with tenderness we had, He smiles, and keeps the crute closed.

But when he's scorned, abused, estranged, He opes the eye of (vil ken). And all his angel friend are changed To demons—and are hated then?

Yet once it happ'd that, semi blind, He met thee on a summer day, And took thee for his mother kind, And frown'd as he was push'd away. But still he saw thee shine the same, Though be had oped his evil eye, And found that nothing but her shame Was left to I now his mother by !

And ever since that morning sun. He thinks of the chard blesses Fate. That he can look with both on one. Who hath no uplines to hate.

SONNEY.

THE AND ENTERINETY TO

Young aident so it, given with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warre, there is, up and tercence of mind,
And still a large true love of of thy tund,
Sprine of the World's cold recenter and Time's tooth,
For all these gifte, Unlow not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give the close, excluding that not resign'd.
This eyes with that a that thou has not resign'd.
The passionate free and tracerers so filly youth:
For as the current of try the reall bow,
Gilded by share of sun or standow stain'd,
Through now'ry valley at at wholesome fen.
Thus the cod in thy pay, or in thy woe
Three en sed of thy race,—thou art ordain'd.
To share beyond the lot of common men.

THE FORSAKEN.

The dead are in their sitent y taxes, And the dew is cold above. And the living weep or lisigh, Over dust that over was love.

Once I only wept the devel.

But now the fiving cause my pales:

How coulds thou steal me bean my tears.

To have me to my tears apple.

My Mother reas between the soil, — Her rest is calm and very deep: I wish'd that the coold see our loves.— But now I gladden in her their

Last night unbound my raven locks.

The morning saw them rained to gray,

Once they were (4)(c), mar well beloved,
But thou art changed—and so are they!

The useless look I gave the source,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smales—but this was torn
In sorrow that I good to the 1

SONG.

O Larv, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie:
There's riving roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
btoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some rand in had will meet,
Thou caust not read, but thou wilt find
The daily at thy feet.

This like the birth for of the world,

When exist was been in bloom;
The lighter made of many dyes,

The action performe:
There excuses bads, and white and blue—
The very rainbow sowers.
Have turn'd to blooms where they fell,

And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy talips in the east,

The garden of the sure;

The very streams reflect the lines,

And blossom as they tan;

While Morn opes like a crimson rose,

Still wet with pearly showers;

Then, lady, leave the silken thread

Those twinest into flowers!

LINES.

Let us make a leap my dear. In our leve, of many a year, And date it very far away, On a bright skip summer day. When the heart was like a sun To itself, and falschood none; And the tory lips a part Of the very loving heart, And the shining of the eye But a sign to hoew it by ; --When my faalts were all torgiven, And my life deserved of Heaven. Deviest let us reckon so. And love for all that long ago. Each absence count a year complete, And keep a birthday when we meet.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

ALACK! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive gleons and corners, scarcely spied;

Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride, Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen, But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide, In midst of fogery moors and mosses green, In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilicen I

This College looketh South and West also,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Ctary and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Through transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nother garments, which his thrift doth teach,
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "cace more into the breach,"—
Outside and in, the broke, yet to be mendeth each,

And in the midst a brite door there it.

Whereon a brite' that doth congretie he
With painted laters, red as a boor I wis.

Thus written "Einthern tofice in to Bate:"
And oft, indeed, the havard of that gate,
Most ventrilogue, doth after tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bettean their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all I' the Irish tongue, he teachern them to speak.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe war recademical degree;

Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,

For mickle waste be counted it would be

To stock a head with bookish wares at all.

Only to be knocked off by ruthless comen ball.

Six babes he sways,—some little and some hig,
Divided into classes six;—abox,
He keeps a parlour bearder starpig,
That in the College fareth to and ho,
And picketh up the unclasse crambs below,—
And eke the learned indiments they som,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wilely know—
Hereafter to be shown in catavan.
And raise the wonderment or many a learned man,

Alsoe, he schools some time familian fowls.

Whereof, above his head some two or three.

Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls.

But on the branches of no living tree,

And overleok the learned family:

While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,

Drops feather on the nose of Dominic,

Meanwhile, with scrious eye, he makes research

In leaves of that some tree of knowledge—now a birch,

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue, Such as would magisteral ham, imbed, Hist sitteth lowly on a burchen log, Secure in high authority and diend: Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head, and like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways;
No lained crown he wears, how bent his cap is baize.

And, underneath, a pair of shappy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a lowl, which hows
A mongred tint, that is no brown no bare,
His nose, it is a cond to the view;
Well nourished with the family even,—
For much he becodes native meantain dew;—
But to depict the dee would lack, I ween,
A bottle-ted, in terms, as well as hottle-even.

As for his coart its including heart. As Spencer had, the heart means so that Tales;
But underwatch he had not established aught,
So that the wind his coy broad months;
Below, howears the nother parts of males,
Of crimson partial had nother parts of males,
Thence fundaments on the many med provoils,
Of his own had of the cycloperia.

Two sandals, without soles, chapter chis cap-a-pie.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap. His function in a magisterial pown,
That the warmore countries in at than a map,—
Blue to act, and real, and green, and russet-brown.

Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some tents, for streams and tivers wide;
But sometimes, hathful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be expled!

And soe he sits, amide the little pack.

That look for shady or for sunny noon,

Within his viage, like an almanack.

His quiet shade for telling processes boon;

But when his meanth droops down, like rainy moon,

With horized chill each little heart mawaras,

Knowing, that infinit show's will follow soon,

And with for boding, of near we the and stories.

They sit, like timed haves, all treat ling on their forms

Ah! luckles wight, who cannot then repeat
"Conducty Calloquey,", or "Ki, Ka, Kod,",—
"Full soon his tears shall make his turfy soat
More sodden, that also also made of sod,
For Dan shall when him with the word of God,—
"Severe by rule, and not by retate mud,"
"He never spoils the Gal, and s, ues the rod,
"But spoils the rod and nover—peres the child,
and soe with holy rule deans he is reconciled.

But surely the just sky wid never wink

At men who take delight in child be throe,

And stripe the mether-mehin like a pink

Or tender hyaemth, inscribed with woe;

Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know By useless birches, that forlorn recess, Which is no holiday, in Pit below, Will hell not seem design'd for their distress— A mchancholy place, that is all bottomlesse?

Vet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use.

Of needful discipline, in due degree.

Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce.

Whene'er the twig outtain'd grows up a tree,.

This shall a Cardet, that a Wholeboy Le,.

Ferocious leaders of a recense trade,.

And Learning's help be used for infamic,.

By lawless clerks, that, with their boarly hands,.

In murder'd English with Rock's names ous command.

But all! what shouly my dor't now allow. The sorty lowls that do ed upon the bram. All sudden flutt may now the brandish'd arm, And cackling choins with to human scream; Meniwhile, the scounge piles that unkindly seam. In Phelica the proposes, which bares his naked skin, Like traitor gap in warlike fort. I deem, That falsely lets the hence bestiger in, Nor seeks the Pedag one by other course to win.

No parent dear he hath to meet his cries;—Alac! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar ties,
Killen by kind caugef-play, or gin of proof,

THE TRISH SCHOOLMASTER

Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof.
Dreaming he sees his home—bis Pacifin's smile;
Ah me! that luckless imp, who we could all the while!

Ahf who can paint that had and beavy time,
When first the cholos first in Laming's train,
And mounts her reaged stoop, end reced to climb,
Like soory imposite horp post tion pain.
From bloody reag, and else that Indian cane,
Wherein, are I no engan'd mices decid.
For this, the whole one scaping' shides drain,
Another weepeth over all blains fell.
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well:

Anon a third. So his delicious root,

Late revish'd from his rooth by elder chit,

So soon is hum at violence of oot,

So hardly is the harmless (iter hit!

Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit

And mouthing face, decides the small one's moan,

Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,

Àlack,—mischance concess chomitimes alone,

For lol the Pedagogue, with sudden druh,

Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—

(Superfluous wound, such is Mr fortunes's rub)

Who strhighs makes answer with redoubled roar,

But ave the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

And sheds salt tears twice faster than before.

That still with his kward fist he strives to dry;

Washing with bracketh moreture, o'er and o'er;

His analdy sheek, that grows more fool thereby,
Till all by the y face looks grine as rainy sky.

So Day, cy diat of noise, obtains a prace,
And with 14 main diantender knock,
By new distress, blds form by they mee cease,
Like tears atted up with ropped line kaback.
That set the mountful views Boward;
Yet soon the child become noted than he
Even as though the content of the Anti-Ack,
For grid and held on bease weyen alme.
This keeps, and ward conserved obly sood dimbrine.

Now all is lord the effective about the found, The Dors on Legal poper the barbed page; (the best called although be dother pound. Without a look) hour for the act before sage, Now to the che of Rosad's rade in the tage, How Rosad's was bred in avege wood, By wet-nor wolf, devoid of wolfshinge; And leid femodations tone of walls of mid. But watered it, also I with worm featernal blood.

Anon be turns to then Howerk war, How I say was sieged like I endonderry town; And that Achill so at his parning car, Diago damphty Hector with a bloody crowns.

THE TRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

The paints, with colly, wandering up and down;

The paints, with colly, wandering up and down;

Therause, at once, in seven cities born,

The paints, with colly, wandering up and down;

Therause, at once, in seven cities born,

Anon, through old Mithology heighes,

Of gods defunct, and all their pedicties.

But shins their secret done emours, and shows

How Plato wise, and clean-ey deformes,

Confessed net to those leaded has and shor;

But three the clouds of the Olympic cope

Buckle St. Peter, with his holy begs,

And own deficie begs as a larger meet helytope.

White all their pueblind rue in tegras meet helytope.

From such quart theory he there, at last, aside,
Tonew philosophes, that still are green.
And shows what vail-roads have been track'd to guide
The wheelvot great political machine;
If inglish corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
And ah! how man shall there beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square soil of peat!

Hire, he makes end; and all the five of youth, That stood around with serious mode intense, Cose up again their, apong ego, and mouth, Which they had op n'd to his doquence, As if their hearing were a threefold sense.

But now the current of his words is done,

And whether any fruits shall spring from thense.

In fatere time, with any mether's son!—

It is a thing, God wor! that can be told by none.

New by the creeping shadows of the moon, The from is come to key aside their love; The cheerful Pedacoetae perceives it soon, And cries, "Begone!" into the imps,—and four Snatch their two between distributions for the doors.—Like ardout spirit we need to receive the All blitbe and Proceives, whethers two mores. With Readary node I now your analysts.

To weep, whilst all their motes in more sauthine bask

Like spectime F'ting, in the restrictions of,
With tender moss so sheel by overgowing
That doth not hurt, I at his color showing
So soothly kind in Ering to the wind.
And one, at Place and He red pinys all alone,
For Phelical geometry tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelical's step-dame is an other'd crone!
Whilst other twampley at an Iteh row,
And, with shillelah small, breek one another's brook

But careful Dominic, with ceaseless thrift, Now change in rervia for coral hoe; But, nest of all, with tender hand doth shift His college gown, because of solar glow, And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:

Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,

Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,

Or placks the fragrant leek for pottage green,

With that crisp carly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

And so he wirely spends the fruitful hours,
Linked each to each by Libert, like a bec.,
Or rules in Leatuing's hall, or times her bow'rs;—
Would there were many more so h wights as he,
To sway corb capit due femie
Of Camona 16's; are, about a reach
There dwelfs, I wor, some die meh Dominie.
That does no productively and to the motor y speech!
But wears a floory head, and to the millow ry speech!

BALLAD.

It was not in the Winter
Our loving lot was de t;
It was the Time of Reses,-We plack'd there as we pass'd;

That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet:-Oh, no --the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met!

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE.

"Twas twilight, and I bade you go, But still you held me last; It was the Time of Roses, ... We plack it them as we pass'd.....

What else could peer thy glowing cheek.

That could begen to stud?

And when I ad. I the life of Love.

You matched a dayler bud,

And oped it to the density core, Still glowing to the list.— It was the Term of Roses. We place of them as we pass'd!

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE,

OF HASTINGS.

Tom; are you still within the land Of livers - still on Ha tipe? sand, Or reaming on the waves? Or he some follow e'er you rolled, Jealon, that raigh (hould tap so bold A scamen in her graves? On land the rushlight lives of men
Go out but slowly; nine in ten,
By tedious long decline—
Not so the jolly suitor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
The apoplectic being?

Ay, while I write, maybe point boar Is sleeping on the estable by the I hope his faction toutlet by With paliwhele eye (1-your tene Best with muleb, not your own And corals at you touth!

Still does the Cherre pin in the enance.
The main all ml, the Aidant dance in safety on the tide?
Still flies that every of my good-war.
A rathe bunding thing— but stin.
To there a dag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hard now clasp
The tiller in its careful proper
With every summer theree
When ladies sail, in haty-har
Or, tog the oar, a groudener
On smooth Macadam sear?

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen hard fathoms deep,
Where sand and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest,
And tweive grave measure for a 'quest,
To find that you are—drown'd?

will is the wave, and apt to being A sudden doorn aperchance I ang.
A more functed the large.
You have endured the consent.
And are—the samair established administration.
A good man are the proint.

Oh, no-1 here the 3dd town eye.

Still witches cho, and thod, and sty;

That still the brown of thoses.

Are speking bring up spamps and add—

Your rooth still 6 il of occur word,

Or Indian—which you choose.

I also you, Tom! and in the clays
Give honest worth ite is most praise,
No puff at honour's cort;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never cross'd!

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Escept on that Pacific main,
Beyond this planet's brink;
Yet, as we cust have braved the weather,
Still may we float awhile tegether,
As comrades on this ind!

Many a scudding pule we've had Together, and my gollant had Some perils we have passed; When bugs and black it—wave currently. And ofe the girnt surge appear'd. The master of our mast;—

"Twas thy Chample (inglit me how To climb the billow's holey brow, Or cleave the raging heap of To bound along the ocean wild, With danger only as a child The waters rock'd to deep,

Oh, who can tell that braze delight,
To see the his ing wave in might
Come tampant like a make!
To leap his horrid cast and teast
One's eye upon the bring brait,
Left conchant in the wake!

STANZAS TO TUM WOODGATE

The simple displiend's love is still To bask upon a sunny hill,

The hard man teams the vale —
With horb then fancies I agree;
Be after the swelling, scoping ass,
That is both hill and date!

I years for that but ke pray of years. To feel the wave from stan to surn. Uplift the plunghing for the same.

That merry trip were not remained On board the from market the Chrones.

The ocean wise market here.

I long to be I the steady gate.
That fide is broad districted one"The seas in with the out.
My thought, like any indown fill,
Keeps root in a timy cut at a twent.
Of wave against too had.

It is no fables, that old so, I
Of syrend set the worker's main
It singings and I spiral
My beatt is of at once inclined
Pose ward sand I seem to find
The waters in my eye!

Methinks I see the shining beach; The mercy waves, each after each, Rebounding o'er the flints; I spy the grim preventive spy! The jolly bearmin standing righ! The meids in morning chiniz!

And there they doars the sailing craft!
The sail is up the wind aboft—
The bather thin and neat.
Also' the all a occars—a lie!
A primer clup is standing by,
To haul my mizer sheet!

My filler discretice to a personal My finite, that of he ske hamens.

My sail sold Log arm fell!

Adien, the wave, the wind, the spray!

Menson widense seniores sold away!

Tom Woodgare, face they well!

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn skies are flushed with gold.

And fair and bright the (rec) sun;

These are but streams of winter cold,

And painted mists that queuch the sun

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing. In secret boughs no bird can shroud; These are but leaves that take to wing. And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

"Fis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms That on the cheerless valleys fall, The flowers are in their grassy tombs, And tears of dew are on them all.

SEPENADE.

An sweet, then little knowed how I wake and personate watches keep, And yet whole I a tilt. I thee now. Methink, thou similest in thy sleep. "Lis sweet enough to make me weep, That tender though a flove and thee, That while the world is nucled so deep. Thy soul spechaps awake to me ! Sleep on, steep on, sweet bride of sleep ! With golden visions for thy dower, While I this madnight v , il keep, And bles thee in thy ilent bower; To me 'tis sweeter than the power Or sleep, and facty dreams unfurl'd. That I alone, at this still hour, in patient love outwatch the world.

ODE TO THE MOON.

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary creats, divinely led!—
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow,
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

What art thou like?—Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;—
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;—
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,—
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!—

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;
And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!—
It is too late—or thou should'st have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!—
Yet, call thee nothing but the mete mild Moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—
Before Care-fretted, with a lidless eye,—
I was thy wooer on my little led,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,
To see thee flood the beaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the fairies' armomer, that kept
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,
Their spears, and glittering mails;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales!—

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasped hands?—Is it to count the boy's expended dow't?
That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadder diel to old Time

Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or mose-grown tow'r,
Motto'd with stern and inclancibly rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this?—Oh I must yearn Wholst Time, conspirator with Memory, Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn. Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry, With leaves and choster'd fruits, and flow'rs eterne,—(Eternal to the world, though not to me), Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be, The deathless wreath, and unnecay'd festoon.

When I am hear ed within,—
Less than the pallid primtose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

So let it be:—Before I lived to sigh.
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb! and so, where'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessed thy fair face, O mother mild!

Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamb to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one:
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

THE EXILE.

The swallow with summer Will wing o'er the seas, The wind that I sigh to Will visit thy trees. The ship that it hastens Thy ports will contain, But me!—I must never See England again!

There's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
So far from her own;
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain;
If death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
And dream upon thee;
But the cloud spreads its wings
To the blue heav'n and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
Except in the skies!

THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space;
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean Past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath:
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things
That wore the thin grey surface, like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced chembs that did sleep Like water-lilies on that motionless deep, How beautiful! with bright unruffled hair On sleek unfiretted brows, and eyes that were Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse! And smile-bedimpled checks, and plea ant lips, Meekly apart, as if the soul intense Spake out in dreams of its own innocence: And so they lay in lovetiness, and kept The birth-night of their place, that I lie e'en wept With very envy of their happy hoat : For there were neighborn brows scarr'd by the brones Of strife and sorrowing - where Care had set Hi crooked autograph, and man d the jet O' glossy locks, with hellow eyes to: lore, And lips that curl'd in bitterness and com-Wretched, as they had breathed of the world's pain And so bequeathed it to the world main, Through the beholder's heart in hear r sighs. So lay they carmented in torpid hebt, Under the pill of a transparent night, Like solemn apparitions fail'd sublime To everlasting rest,-and with them Time Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face Of a dark dial in a sunless place,

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

Semment is gone on swallow's wings,
And Earth her baried all her dovers:
No more the lark,—the lineer sings,
But Silence site in fade it owns.
There is a shadew on the plane
Of Winter etch comes a win,—
There is in wood a colemn sound
Of he low warron, whisper decound,
a Felio in her Jeen recess
For once had turned a prophetese.
Shuldering Anton northy to list,
And breatness his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench then valves, and lide in milt.

Yes, Semmer's gone like pageant bright, Its glorious days of golden light. Are gone—the mimic suns that quiver, Then melt in Time's dark-flowing tiver. Gone the sweetly-scented breeze. That spoke in music to the trees; Gone—for damp and chilly breath, As if fresh blown o'er markle seas, Or newly from the lungs of Death.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

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Gone its virgin roses' blushes, Warm as when Aurora rushes Freshly from the god's embrace. With all her shame upon her face. Old Time hath laid them in the mould; Sure he is blind as well as old. Whose hand relentless never spares Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs! Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now From where so blushing-blest they tarried Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough, Gone; for Day and Night are married. All the light of love is fled :-Alas! that negro breasts should hide The lips that were so rosy red, At morning and at even-tide!

Delightful Summer! then adien
Till thou shalt visit us anew:
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adien, and see thee fly?
Not he that e'er hath felt thy pow'r,
His joy expanding like a flow'r,
'That cometh after rain and snow,
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow:—
Not he that fled from Bahel-strife
To the green sabbath-land of life,
To dodge dull Care 'mid cluster'd trees,
And cool his forehead in the breeze

Whose spirit, weary-worn, perchance, Shook from its wings a weight of grief, And perch'd upon an aspen leaf, For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell!-on wings of sombre stain, That blacken in the last blue skies. Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again On the gay wings of butterflies. Spring at thy approach will sprout Her new Corinthian beauties out. Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds; Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers. And April smiles to sunny hours. Bright days shall be, and gentle nights Full of soft breath and echo-lights As if the god of sun-time kept His eyes half-open while he slept. Roses shall be where roses were, Not shadows, but reality; As if they never perish'd there, But slept in immortality: Nature shall thrill with new delight, And Time's relumined river run Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright, As if its source were in the sun!

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But say, hath Winter then no charms? Is there no joy, no gladness warms His aged heart? no happy wiles To cheat the hoary one to smiles? Onward he comes-the cruel North Pours his furious whichwind forth Before him-and we breathe the breath Of famish'd bears that howl to death, Onward he comes from rocks that blanch O'er solid streams that never flow: His tears all ice, his locks all snow. Just crept from some huge avalanche-A thing half-breathing and half-warm, As if one spark began to glow Within some statue's marble form. Or pilgrim stiffen'd in the storm. Oh! will not Mirth's light arrows fail To pierce that frozen coat of mail? Oh! will not joy but strive in vain To light up those glazed eyes again?

No! take him in, and blaze the oak, And pour the wine, and warm the ale; His sides shall shake to many a joke, His tongue shall thaw in many a tale, His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay, And even his palsy charm'd away. What heeds he then the boisterous shout Of angry winds that scold without, Like shrewish wives at tavern door?
What heeds he then the wild uproar
Of billows bursting on the shore?
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,
There is a music that can charm him;
When safe, and shelter'd, and at case,
He hears the storm that caunot harm him.

But hack! those shouts! that sudden din
Of little hearts that laugh within.
Oh! take him where the youngsters play,
And he will grow as young as they!
They come! they come! each blue-eyed Sport,
The Twelith-Night King and all his court—
"Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with misletoe!
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go.
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve? Then read our Poets—they shall weave A garden of green fancies still, Where thy wish may rove at will. They have kept for after-treats The essences of summer sweets,

And echoes of its sougs that wind In endless music through the mind: They have stamp'd in visible traces The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine -The flights of soul in sunny places-To greet and company with thine. These shall wing thee on to flow'rs-The past or future, that shall seem All the brighter in thy dream For blowing in such desert hours. The summer never shines so bright As thought-of in a winter's night; And the sweetest, loveliest tose Is in the bud before it blows: The dear one of the lover's heart Is painted to his longing eyes. In charms she ne'er can realise-But when she turns again to part. Dream thou then, and bind thy brow With wreath of fancy roses now, And drink of Summer in the cup Where the Muse hath mix'd it up; The "dance, and song, and sun-burnt mirth." With the warm nectar of the earth: Drink! 'twill glow in every vein, And thou shalt dream the winter through: Then waken to the sun again. And find thy Summer Vision true!

TO JANE.

WEICOME, dear Heart, and a most kind good-moriow;
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine:—
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gather'd at thy cheeks, The white were all too happy to look white, For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks; It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright!

Dost love sweet Hyaciath? Its scented leaf Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double; 'Tis said this flow'ret is inscribed with grief,— But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon, Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;— "Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon And here are Sun-flowers, amorous of light!

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,— The Daisy-stars her constellations be: These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel, Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee? Here's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom, Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours:— A wight once made a dial of their bloom,— So may thy life be measured out by flowers!

TO HOPE.

Ou! take, young scraph, take thy harp, And play to me so cheerily; For grief is dark, and care is sharp. And life wears on so wearily. Oh! take thy hatp! Oh! sing as thou were wont to do, When, all youth's sunny season long, I sat and listen'd to thy song, And yet 'twis ever, ever new. With magic in its heaven-tuned string-The future bliss thy constant theme. Oh! then each little woe took wing Away, like phantoms of a dream; As if each sound That fluttered round Had floated over Lethe's stream !

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern how'rs,
Where thou wouldst sit and smile, and show,
Ere buds were come, where flowers would grow.

And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scaled the skies;
By many a story of love and glory,
And friend-hips promised oft to me;
By all the faith I lent to thee,—
Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh! take thy harp!

Perchance the strings will sound less clear. That long have lain neglected by In sorrow's misty atmosphere; It ne'er may speak as it has spoken Such joyous notes so brisk and high; But are its golden chords all broken? Are there not some, though weak and low, To play a lullaby to wee? But thou canst sirg of love no more, For Celia show'd that dream was vain; And many a functed bliss is o'er, That comes not e'en in dreams again. Alas! alas! How pleasures pass, And leave thee now no subject, save, The peace and bliss beyond the grave!

Then be thy flight among the skies: Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing. And leave dull carth, and heavenward rise O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing On skylark's wing! Another life-spring there adorns Another youth, without the dread Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns Is here for manhood's aching head. Oh! there are realms of welcome day, A world where tears are wiped away! Then be thy flight among the skies: Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing, And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise O'er all its tearful clouds and sing On skylark's wing!

I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee—I love thee!

"Tis all that I can say,—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray
I love thee—I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee—I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!

Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee!

Whatever be thy chance.

STANZAS ON COMING OF ACE.

To-DAY it is my natal day,
Three 'prenticeships have past away,
A part in work, a part in play.
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age.
A man, I enter on the stage
Where human passions first and rage,
To mingle in the strift.

274 STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

It ought to be a happy date,
My friends they all congratulate
That I am come to "Mon's Estate,"
To some, a grand event;
But ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Hauts, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End search,
I have not one tod, pole, or perch,
To pay my rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.
Not common-right for goose c, ass;
Then what is man's Estate? Alas!
Six feet by two of nould and grass
When I am due, and bone.

Reserve the feast! The board forsake!

Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,

No toasts or foolish speaches make,

At which my reason spurns.

Before this happy term you praise,

And prate about returns and days,

Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,

And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend
That here is Boyhood's legal end,
And easily can comprehend
How "Mnaors make the Man."
But as for me, I was not born
To quit-rent of a peppercorn,
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,
Who in the country have no stake,
Would be too like a quiz;
No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think when man is Twenty-One
What new delights are his!

What is the moral legal fact—
Of age to-day, I'm free to act
For self—free, namely, to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts;
I'm free to give my I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do;
And free to lose my freedom too
For want of time assets.

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

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I am of age, to ask Miss Ball,
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
To go to church, hump, squint, and all,
And be my own for life.
But put such reasons on their shelves,
To tell the truth between ourselves,
I'm one of those contented elves
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to Manhood still to I'm old enough to make my wi!! With valid clause and codicil Before in turf I lie.
But I have nothing to bequeath In earth, or waters underneath, And in all candour let me breathe, I do not want to die.

Away! If this be Manhood's forte,
Put by the sherry and the port—
No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
No dance—no merry pipes!
No flowery gardens—no bouque.—
No Birthday Ode to sing or say—
To me it seems this is a day
For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justive the festive cup

What horrors here are conjured up!

What things of bitter (site and sup,
Poor wretched Twenty-One's!

No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps)

Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
Death, dockets, debts, and dans.

If you must drink, oh drink "the King"—
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,
Drink Aldrate Pump—or anything,
Before a toast like this!
Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
And turning o'er this sorry page,
Was young Nineteen so far from sage!
Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this duil, cold, wet, happy mornNo sign of May about the thorn,—
Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?
Had beauty not a shape!
Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!
Make answer, lads of Trinity!
Who sipped with me Divinity,
And quaff'd the ruby grape!

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

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No flummery then from flowery lips.
No three times three and hip-hip-hips.
Because I'm ripe and full of pips—
I like a little green.
To put me on my solemn oath,
If sweep-like I could stop my growth
I would remain, and nothing loth,
A boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes
Were I a monarch's son or duke's,
Go to the Vatican of Meux
And broach his biggest barres—
Impale whole elephants on spits—
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
And dance into St. Vitus' fits,
And break your winds with carois.

But ah! too well you know my lot,
Ancestral acres greet me not,
My freehold's in a garden-pot,
And barely worth a pin,
Away then with all festive stuff!
Let Robins advertise and puff
My "Man's Estate," I'm sure enough
I shall not buy it in-

ULD BALLAD.

There was a Fairy lived in a well, And she pronounced a magical spell; "Whoever looks in this wave," she said, "Shall see the lady that he's to wed!"

A King came by with his hunting-spear And stoop'd to look in the waters clear; He laid by the brim the signet of gold, And gave his Brother his crown to hold.

But while he knelt and was looking down, His Brother stood and tried-on the crown; The pearls were bright, and the rubies brave. So he tumbled his brother into the wave.

"Oh Brother, oh Brother, you've got my ring And the lawful crown that made me king; But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall quake, And the head that wears my jewels shall ache!"

The murderer stood and look'd from the brink, "The sun is so hot, I should like to drink!"
But lo! as he stoop'd with a silver cup,
His head went down, and his heels flew up!

"Oh! Brother, oh! Brother,—I've got your crown But the weight of the jewels has pull'd me down, You shall be crown'd in the skies again,— But I shall be mark'd on the brow like Cain!"

Down he sank in the dismal wave, As cold as death, and dark as the grave; But when he came to the stones at last, The Fairy caught him, and held him fast.

She took him into her crystal ball And there he saw his face in the wall; She look'd rosy, but he look'd white, And all the tapers were burning bright.

The King leap'd down from his Fairy throne, With eyes that brighter than diamonds shone; His left hand balanced a golden globe, *
But his right hand lifted his purple robe.

"Oh Brother! oh Brother! bend down your knee, But kneel to heaven, and not to me, For God may frown on your grievous sin, But I'm too happy you push'd me in.

"Come hither, come hither, you're welcome now, To my crown of gold that decks your brow; There's smiles worth heav'n on my true-love's face, And she has made me King of this place!"

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

" My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down !"-HAMLET.

I THINK IT WAS Spring—but not certain I am— When my passion began first to work; But I know we were certainly looking for lamb, And the season was over for park.

"Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase, Yes,—for Morres had asked me to dine,— And I thought I had never beheld such a face,

Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
With sheer envy to witness my luck;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smil'd
As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
When it came to the tribe and sweets!

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines!

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES.

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,

And she did not object in the least;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,

Just in time to have game at the feast.

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We went to ______, it certainly was the seaside;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may mem'ry lose sight of that year, But still hallow the time as it ought, That season the "grass" was remarkably dear, And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our day seem'd to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride, But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that! Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried, When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,

But the cause no physician could nab;

But something it seem'd like consumption, I fear,

It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed, Still her strength and her appetite pined; She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most, Even salmon she deeply declin'd!

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt, While her form it grew wasted and thin; But the last dying spark of existence went out, As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men To indulge in a widower's moan, Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then, As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
O my grief poured a flood! and the out-of-door folks
Were all crying—I think it was sprats!

FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

FAREWELL then, my golden repeater,
We're come to my Uncle's old shop;
And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
The Cerberus growls for a sop!

284 LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,
My feelings will certainly scotch;
But oh! there's a riot internal,
And Famine calls out for the Watch!

Oh! hunger's a terrible trial,
I really must have a relief,—
So here goes the plate of your dial
To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famish'd as any lost seaman,
I've fasted for many a dawn,
And now must play chess with the Demon,
And give it a check with a pawn.

I've fasted since dining at Buncle's,

Two days with true Perceval zeal—

And now must make up at my Uncle's

By getting a duplicate meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,
That rifles my fob with a snatch;
Alas! I must pick my own pocket,
And make gravy-soup of my watch!

So long have I wander'd a starver,
I'm getting as keen as a hawk;
Time's long hand must take up a carver,
His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,

But oh! it is Poverty's crime;

I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,

I thus must be "out of my Time."

Alas! when in Brook Street the upper In comfort I lived between walls, I've gone to a dance for my supper;— But now I must go to Three Balls!

Folks talk about dressing for dinner, But I have for dinner undrest; Since Christmas, as I am a sinner, I've caten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mammock

To fetch me a chop or a steak;
I wish that the coats of my stomach

Were such as my Uncle would take!

When dishes were ready with garnish
My watch used to warn with a chime—
But now my repeater must furnish
The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,

I can't fob it off, if you stay,

So go,—and the old Seven Dials

Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,
To part is a Tic Pouloureux!
But Tempus has his cdax rerum,
And I have my Feeding-Time too!

Farewell then, my golden repeater.

We're come to my Uncle's old shop—
And Hunger wont be a dumb-waiter,

The Cerberus growls for a sop!

SONNET.

Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye;

Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak.
As if the rose made summer, and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that dio,
Unlike the love that I would give and sock:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its hough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

DRINKING SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, AS SUNG BY MR. SPRING, AT WATERMAN'S HALL.

Come, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!
Then hey for a bucket, a bucket,

Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!

Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let topers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
But let us just whisper a word to the cives,
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the bolcros, fandangos, and jumps;
But water's the spring of all civilized dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but pumps!

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard—
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it pool measure,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!
Then hey for a bucket, &cc.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits, Grog, Punch, and what not, that enliven a feast: "Tis true they stir up the animal spirits, But may not the animal turn out a beast?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species, He saved us by water,—but as for the wine, We all know the figure, more sad than facetious, He made after tasting the juice of the vine,

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel,

And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft;

But we can distinguish the kind from the croel,

And toast them in water, the hard or the soft.

Then hey for a bucker, &c.

Some cross d in their passion can never o'erlook it, But take to a pistol, a knik, or a beam; Whilst temperate swains are enabled to brook it By help of a little meandering stream.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their guite;
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the straits
Then hey for a backet. &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain, A few scanty glasses must limit your wish, But he's the true topen that poses to the fountain, The drinker that verily "uninks hise a fish!" Then hey for a lucket, &c.

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS

One close of day—"twis in the bay
Of Naples, bay of plony!
While light was I anging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant back got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct, With wine and oil for cargo. Her crew of men some nine or ten, The captain's name was lago; A good and gallant back she was, La Donna (call'd del I ago.

Bronzed mariners were hers to view, With brown cheeks, clear or muddy, Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair, Meet heads for painter's study; But 'midst their tan there stood one man, Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

His brow was high, a loftier brow Ne'er shone in song or sonnet, His hair a little scant, and when He doffed his cap or bonnet, One saw that Grey had gone beyond A premiership upon it!

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hared it,—
His eye was grey, and when he look'd
Around the prospect fixed it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Appe-Niae inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about Six feet—well made and portly; Of dress and manner just to give A sketch, but very shortly, His order seemed a composite Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quafi'd and joked and laughed, And chatted with the seamen, And often task'd their skill and ask'd "What weather is't to be, man?" No demonstration there appear'd That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he Could raise a storing rumpus, Like Prospeto make Livezes blow, And rocks and billows thump us.—But little we supposed what he Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A cent'ry, like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in;
When, gush! a flood of brine came down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine, Each roll, its role repeating, Roll'd down—the round of beel declar'd For parting—not for meating! Off flew the fewls, and all the game Was a too far gone for eating!"

Down knife and fork—down went the pork, The lamb too broke its tether;
Down mustard went—each condinent—
Selt—pepper—all together!
Down everything, like each that seek
The Downs in storing weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Late, Her timbers seemed to see:

Down, down, a dreary acryy down, Such larch she had gone never;

She almost seemed about to take

A bed of down to ever!

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw, Thus tobb'd of all its uses, He thought he saw the Evil One Beside Vesuvian sluige, Playing at dice for soul and ship, And throwing Sink and Dences.

Down fell the steward on his face, To all the Saints commending; And candles to the Virgin vow'd As save-alls 'gainst his coding, Down fell the mate, he thought his fate, Check-mate, was close impending.

Down fell the cook—the caoin boy. Their Leads with tervour telling,. While alpsets typ, with snewly verge,. Above the year came yelling. Down fell the crew, and on their knees. Shudder'd at each white swelling!

Down sunk the sun of bloody hac, His crimson light a cleaver To each red rover of a wave; To eye of largy-weaver Neptune, the God, seem'd torsing in A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each papist pray'd To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood composed Amid the waves' vagary;
As staunch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary;

His ruddy check retain'd its streak, No danger seem'd to shrink him: His step still bold.—of mortal mould, The crew could hardly think him: The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd To know, could never sink him.

Relax'd at last the rarious gale
Quite out of breath with racing;
The boiling flood in milier mood,
With gentler billows chasing;
From stem to stem, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walk'd to self be talked.

Some ancie at dirty thrunning,
In under tone, as not alone—

Now whistling, and now humming—

"You're welcome, Charlie," "Cowdenknowes,"

"Kenmure," or "Campbells' Coming,"

Down went the wind, down went the wave, Fear quitted the most finical;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle;
When rose on high, a frightfur cry—
"The Devil's in the binnacle!"

"The Saints be near," the helmsman cried, His voice with quite a falter—
"Steady's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!'

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass look'd
It seem'd non compass mentis.

Now north, now north, now cost, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon;
Never by compass, till that hour
Such latitudes were taken?

With fearful speech, each after each Took turns in the maped; in; They found no gun—no iron—none To vary its direction; It seem'd a new magnetic case. Of Poles in insurrection!

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives, And all their household riches; Oh! while they thought of girl or boy, And dear domestic niches, All down the side which holds the heart, That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gaz'd To see them so white-liver'd:
And welk'd abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shirer'd;
But when he stood be ide the card,
St. Josef! how it quiver'd:

No faacy-motion, brain-hego. In eye of timid decamer— The nervous finger of a set Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor; To every brain is seem'd too plain, There stood th' Infernal Schemer!

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew, Just like a pullet's gizzard; Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit, From tracking like an izzard, Pore down in this plain course at last, "It's Michael Scott—the Wizard!" A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
"To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I nalter!
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
My christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell On all the feated faction; The Captain's head (for be had read) Contest'd the Needle's action, And how'd to Hist in whom the North Has lodged its main attraction.

POEM .-- FROM THE POLISH.

From seventy-two North latitude, Dear Kitty, I indite; But first I'd have you understand How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
My Kitty, do not think,-Before I wrote these very lines,
I had to melt my ink,

Of mutual flames and lover's warmtn,
You must not be too nice;
The sheet that I am writing on
Was once a sheet of ice!

The Polar cold is sharp enough
To freeze with icy gloss
The genial current of the soul,
E'en in a "Man of Ross."

Pope says that letters wait a sigh From Indus to the Pole; But here I really with the post Would only "post the coal."

So chilly is the Northern blast,

It blows me through and through
A ton of Wallsend in a note

Would be a billet-deax!

In such a frigid ratitude

It scarce can be a sin,

Should Passion cool a little, where

A Fury was iced in.

I'm rather tired of endiess snow,
And long for coels again;
And would give up a Sea of Ice,
For some of Lambton's Main.

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,
The sun itself I hate;
So very bright, so very cold,
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoe I would kneel,
My chilblains to anoint;
O Kate, the needle of the North
Has got a freezing point.

Our food is solids,—ere we put
Our meat into our crops.
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blact,
So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,
Th' effect of Polar snows,
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music new;
My ears both left together;
And as for dancing, I have cut
My toes—it's cutting weather.

Pve said that you should have my hand, Some happy day to come; But, Kate, you only now can wed A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux

Can wean me from my own;

The Girale of the Queen of Love
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estaces of snow
My fancy does not hite;
I like to see a Bride--tait not
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a louise of back.

The Kare I love at Kee 1

A hand unchapped—a many eye;

And not a nose, of blue

To think upon the Bridge of Kew, To me a bridge of sights; Oh, Kate a pair of icide, Are standing in my eyes!

God knows if I shall e'er return, In comfort to be hill'd! But if I do get back to port, Pray let me have it mull'd.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

Lary, wouldst thou beliess be
To Winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
Thou that shouldst ou list the snow,
But in the whiteness of thy Lrow

Scorn and cold need et are made

For winter gloom and winter wind,
But then wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind,—
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
Red, and white, and pud, and blue,
And that virgin flow'r, the rose,
Opes her heart to hold the dew,
Wilt thou lock thy boson up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit

Thus in Love's peculiar throne:

Brooklets are not prison'd now,

But crystal frosts are all agone,

And that which hangs upon the spray,

It is no snow, but flow't of May !

QUEEN MAB.

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver ward,

And when a good civild goes to bed.

She waves her wand from right to left,

And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fills,
And trees that bear delicions fi ait
And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbours filled with dainty scents

From lovely flowers that never fade;

Bright flies that glitter in the sun,

And glow-worms shining in the shade:

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed.
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground,

Then wicked children wake and weep.

And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find

The right as pleasant as the day.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Good morrow to the golden morning,
Good morrow to the world's delight—
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
Since it makes my own so bright!

I have brought no roses, sweetest, I could find no flowers, dear,— It was when all sweets were over Thou wert born to bless the year,

But I've brought thee jewels, dearest,
In thy borny locks to shine,—
And if love show, in their glances,
They have learn'd that look of mine!

SONNET.

ON RECLIVING A COPT.

Look how the gelden occan chines above its peblidy stones, and magnines to choose the bright and blessed light of Love. Its own things glorify, and raise their worth. As weed, stem flowers beneath the flattering brine, And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed, Ev'n so our tokers shine; may, they outshine. Pebbles and pends, and gems and cotal weed; For where be ocean waves but half so clear. So calmly constant, and so kin fly warm, As Love's most mild and growing atmosphere, That hath no diegs to be uptain'd by storm? Thus, sweet, thy gratious gifts are gifts of price, And more than gold to deting Avarice.

OVER THE WAY.

Axas! the fiames of an enhappy lover About my heart and on my vitels prey; Pve caught a lever that k config. (1961), Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of heal? roses Cacelon!

I've lost my rest by regit, reg neace by rec;

For want of some brown Holland or Ven rem,

Over the way!

Pre gazed too often, (ill my heart's as lost.

As any needle in a stack of hay:

Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed.

Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts iclas— Of what avail Lord Althorper E al Groy? They cannot case me of ny window-tak Over the vay!

Even on Sunday my devotion wary,

And from St. Bennet Pink they go acress

To dear St. Mary Overy and a Wary

Over the way!

Oh! if my godmother were but a fairy,
With magic wand, how! would beg and pray
That she would change me into that canary
Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo,

A pug, a poll, a squirrel or a jay—

Blest blue-bottles! that buz about the window

Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters, I see her reading on, from grave to gay, Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters Over the way!

And then—ch! then—while the clear waxen taper Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray, I see twelve auburn curis put into paper Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my deep regards, Or ask her for a whispered ay or may,— Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards Over the way!

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;— Like Captain Lyon, at Repulse's Bay, I meet an icy end to my exploring Over the way! Sach dirty little Savoyard that dances
She looks on-Punch-or chimney-sweeps in May;
Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances
Over the way!

Half out she icans to watch a tumbling brat,
Or yelping our, run over by a dr y;
But I'm in love—she never pities that!
Over the way!

I go to the same church—a love-lost labour!

Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play,

She does not seem to know the has a neighbour

Over the way!

At private theaties she never acts;

No Crown-and-Anchor balls her fancy sway;

She never visits gentlemen with tracts

Over the way!

To billets-doux by post she shows no favour— In short, there is no plot that I can lay To break my window-pains to my enslaver Over the way!

I play the flute—she heeds not my chromatics—
No friend an introduction can purvey,
I wish a fire would break out in the attics

Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her;
My baker for is my appetite's decay;
And as for butchers' must—Oh! she's my butcher

Over the way!

At beef I tern, at lamb or yeal I pout;
I never ring now to bring up the tray;
My stomach grumbles at my dining out
Over the way!

I'm weary of my life; without regiet I could resign this miscoule cary To lie within that box of mi-nonate Over the way!

Pvc fitted bullet to my pistot-hore; t Eve vowed at times to rester here, trampets bray, Quite sick of number one --ano resulter four Over the way!

Sometimes my fancy builts up eastles airy.

Sometimes it only points a terms ornée,

A horse--a cow-sis fewls--a pig-- and Mary,

Over the way!

Sometimes I die oa of her in bridal white, Standing before the altar, like a fay; Sometimer of balls, and neighbourly invite Over the way! Twe coo'd with her in dicam, like any turtle,
Twe snatch'd her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and Tay,
Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle
Over the way:

Thrice I have towed her in a fairy shallop.
Thrice faced to Gretna in a neat so possible.

And shower'd crown to make the horses galop

Over the way!

And thrice I've started up from decays, appalling Of killing rivus in a bloody fray—
There is a young men very fond of ealting Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all kings in glory,
Whoever in her ear may say his say,
And add a tale of love to that one story
Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—Sultan of Persia—Empetor of Cathay—Much rather would I be the happy man

Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover—
But what—O horror!— what do I curvey!
Postilions and white favours!— all is over
Over the way!

THE APPARITION.

In the dead of the night, when, from beds that are turky. The spirits rise up on old cronics to call, Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy, Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

• Don't shiver and sbake," said the mild Apparition,
• Pm come to your bid with no ceil design;
I'm the Split of Moore, Francis Moore the Physician,
Once great like yourself in the Almanack line,

Like you I was once a great prophet or weather, And deem'd to possess a more prescient knack. Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together, The donkeys that bray, and the dilles that quack.

With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,

I saw my old mantle lugg'd out from the shelf,

Turn'd, trimmed, and brush'd up, and again brought in
feshion,

I seem'd to be almost reviving myself!

But, oh! from my roys there was soon a sad cantle, As too many cooks make a mull of the broth— To find that two Prophets were under my mantle, And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth. The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!

But think how the people would worship and wonder, To find you "hail fellows, well met," in your hail, In one tune with your rain, and your wind, and your thunder,

"'Fore God," they would cry, "they are both in a tale!"

SONG.

FOR MUSIC.

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here:

Thy gown should be snow-white silk, And strings of orient pearls, Like go-samets dipt in milk, Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands, And diamonds should be thy dower— But Fairies have broke their wands And wishing has lost its power.

THE KEY.

A MOORISH ROMANCE.

The Moor leans on his cushion, With the pipe between his hips; And that frequent intervals. The sweet shather he sign; have, a free of helling to poro. And the solid the swarrby Moor. The spirit of the swarrby Moor. It facts by km as 9 up.³

One had is an les just d.
On it, one acuted stort.
Whit his anger feels the traces.
And is lary with the lock —
The only access his ataptan,
And classes its pwelff hitt—
Only mach or you in days of yore.
That cooked black has split!

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet In vivid blackne's roll, And gloam with fatal flashes I ske the log-damp of the coal; His jaws are set, and through his teeth He draws a savage breath, As if about to raise the shout Of Victory or Death!

For why? the last Z. beck that came And moor'd withouthe Mole, Such tidings onto Trinis brought As stir his very male—. The cruel par of civil war. The sad and stormy reign, That brackens like a thunder cloud. The sunny land of Spain!

No strife of chrious Chivalry,
For honour's gain or loss,
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,
The Crescent with the Cross.
No charge of gallant Paladins
On Moslems stern and stanch;
But Christians shedding Christian blood
Beneath the olive's branch!

A war of horrid parricide,
And brother killing brother;
Yea, like to "dogs and sons of dogs"
That worry one another.

But let them bite and tear and fight, The more the Kafters slay, The sooner Hagar's swarming sons Shall make the land a prey!

The sooner shall the Moor behold I'h' Alhambra's pile again; And those who pined in Barbary Shall shout for joy in Spain—
The sooner shall the Crescent wave On dear Granada's walls.
And proud Mohammed Ali sit Within his famer' halls!

"Alla-il-alla!" tiger-like
Up springs the swarthy Moor.
And, with a wide and have stride,
Steps o'er the marble floor;
Across the half, till from the wall,
Where such quaint patterns be,
With eager hand he snatches down
An old and massive Key!

A massive Key of curious shape, And dark with dirt and rust, And well three weary centuries The metal might encrust! For since the King Boabdil fell Before the native stock. That ancient Key, so quaint to see, Hath never peen in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens
Who fled across the main,
A token of the secret hope,
Of going oack again;
From race to race, from hand to hand,
From house to house it pass'd;
O will it ever, ever ope
The Palace gate at last?

Three hundred years and fifty-two
On post and wall it hung...
Three hundred years and fifty-two
A dream to old and young;
But now a brighter destiny
The Prophet's will accords:
The time is come to scour the rust,
And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance At Algesiras land, Where is the bold Bernardo now Their progress to withstand? To Burgos should the Moslem come, Where is the noble Cid Five royal crowns to topple down As gallant Diaz did?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now, When other weapons fail, With chib to thrash invaders rash, Like bailey with a flail? Hith Seville any Perez still, To lay his clusters low. And ride with seven turbans green Around his saddle-bew?

No! never mor shelf Europe see Such Fleroes brave and hold Such Valour, Faith, and Loyalty, As used to shine of old! No longer to one battle cry United Spaniards up, And with their thronging spears uphold The Virgin and her Son!

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay Internal discord dwells, And Barcelona bears the scars Of Spanish shot and shells,

THE KEY.

The flects decline, the merchants pine For want of foreign trade; And gold is scant; and Alicante Is seal'd by strict blockade!

The loyal fly, and Valout falls,

Opposed by court intrigue;
But treachery and traitors thrive,

Upheld by foreign league;

While factions seeking private ends

By turns usurping reign—

Well may the dicarning, scheming Moor

Exulting point to Spain!

Well may be cleanse the rusty Key
With Afric sand and oil,
And hope an Andalusian home
Shall recompense the toil!
Well may be swear the Moorish spear
Through wild Castile shall sweep,
And where the Catalonian sowed
The Saracen shall reap!

Well may be vow to spurn the Cross Beneath the Arab boof,
And plant the Crescent yet again
Above th' Albambia's rool—

When those from whom St. Jago's name In chorus once arose, Are shouting Faction's battle-cries, And Spain forgets to "Close!"

Well may he swear his ataghan
Shall rout the traitor swarm,
And curve them into Arabesques
That show no human form—
The blame be theirs whose bloody feude
Invite the savage Moor,
And tempt him with the ancient Key
To seek the ancient door!

A DREAM.

"Twas night—the Globe was folded up,
(The paper, not the earth,)
And to its proper shelf restored
The fairest "Maid of Perth:"
But still with strange intricacy
The things that I had read—
The Irish News, the Scottish Tale—
Kept running in my head;
While over all a sort of mist
Began to slowly creep,

The twilight haze of Thought, before
It darkens into Sleep:
A foggy land where shady shapes
Kept stirring in the gloom,

Till with a hint of brighter tint One spot began to bloom,

And on the blank, by dreamy prank, I saw a Figure tall,

As vivid as from painted glass, Projected on a wall!

The face as well as I could trace,

Two sparkling eyes were there,

Black as the beard, and trim moustache,

And curling head of hair;

The nose was straight, the mouth was large,

The lips disclosed beneath

A set, full white and regular,

Of strong and handsome teeth—

The whiter, that his brow and check,

And thick uncovered gorge,

Were ruddy as if baked by heat

Of sun or glowing forge.

His dress was buff, or some such stuff,
And belted at the waist;
A curious dirk, for stabbing work,
Was in the girdle placed,

Besides a sort of ponch or purse Of some wild creature's skin. To safely hold his store of gold Or silver coin therein :--But-suddenly his doublet changed To one of brighter hue, A jerkin fair and superfine. Of cloth of a rule blue. Slash'd front and back with satin black. Embroider'd o'er and laced With sable silk, as used to suit The ancient time and taste: His hose were of the Flemish cut. His boots of Cordevan: A velvet bonnet on his head. Like that of Scottish man .--Nay, not a velvet one,-for why. As dreams are apt to deal, With sudden change, as swift as stra .ge. It shone a cap of steel!

His coat of butl, or azare stuff,
Became a hauberk bright.
No longer gay in his array,
But harness'd for the Fight!
Huge was his frame, and muscular.
Indicative of strength:
His bosom oroad, his brawny arms
Of more than common length;

A DREAM.

And well the sturdy limbs might be So sinewy, stark, and strong, That had to wield in battle-field A sword so I road and long ! Few men there were of mortal mould, Although of warlike trade. But had been tash to stand the crash Of that tremendous blade: And yet aloft he swang it oft. As it of feather weight. And cut amid the empty air A monstrous figure eight; Whilst over, as it cleft the wind, A wla per came therewith, That low and clear, said in my en, "Behold the Fighting South "

And lo! another "change came o'er
The spirit of my dream."
The hauberk bright no longer shone
With that metallic gleam...
No ruddy visige furnace-scorch'd,
With glowing eyes, was there,
No sable beard, no trum moustache,
Nor head of raven hair;
No steely cap, with plume mayhar
No bonnet small or big;
Upon his brow there ettied now
A curly powder'd Wig!

Beneath the chin two cambric bands Demurely drooped adown; And from his brawny shoulders hung A black forensic gown. No mail beneath, to guard from death, Or wounds in battle dealt. Not ready dirk for stabbing work, Dependent at his bult-His right hand bore no broad clayr.ore. But with a flourish, soon He waved a Pistol huge enough For any horse-dragoon, And whilst he pointed to and fro, As if to aim therewith. Still in my ear, the voice was clear. "Behold the Fighting Smith!"

STANZAS.

FAREVILL, Life! My senses swim
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still
Upwards steals a vapour chill—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—.
I smell the Rose above the Mould!

THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

AN ALLEGORY.

THERE'S a murmur in the air,
And noise in every street—
The murmur of many tongues,
The noise of numerous feet—
While round the Workhouse door
The Labouring Classes flock,
For why? the Overseer of the Poor
Is setting the Workhouse Clock.
Who does not hear the tramp
Of thousands speeding along
Of either sex and various stamp,
Sickly, crippled, or strong,

Walking, limping, creeping From court, and alley, and lane, But all in one direction sweeping Like rivers that seek the main?

Who does not see them sally From mill, and garret, and room, In lane, and court and alley, From homes in poverty s lowest valley, Furnished with shuttle and loom-Poor slaves of Civilization's galley ---And in the road and footway- tally. As if for the Day of Doom Some, of bardly human form, Stunted, evool ed, and crippica by toil Dingy with smoke and dust and oil, And smitch'd Lesi les with victures soil Clustering, mustoring, all in eswarm. Father, mother, and careful child, Locking as if it had never smiled -The Sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan, With only the phosts of garments on-The Weaver, her sallow neighbour. The grim and sooty Artisan; Every soul--child, woman, or man, Who lives -- or dies -- by labour.

Stire'd by an overwhelming zeal, And social impulse, a terrible throng

Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel, Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel, Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel-Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal-Gushing, rushing, crushing along, A very torrent of Man: Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong, Grown at last to a bucricane strong, Stop its course who can! Stop who can its onward course And irresistible moral force: O! vain and idle dream ! For surely as men are all akin. Whether of fair or sable skin. According to Nature's scheme, That Human Movement contains within A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,
They swarm—and westward still—
Masses born to drink and cat,
But starving amidst Whirechapel's meat,
And famishing down Corphil!!
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—
Christian Charity, hang your head!
Hungry—passing the Street of Bread;
Thirsty—the street of Milk;
Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,

846 THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFORT.

So gorgeous, through Mechanic-Art, With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door
That bears so many a knock
Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor.
Like sheep they huddle and flock—
And would that all the Good and Wise
Could see the Million of hollow eyes,
With a gleam deriv'd from Hope and the skies,
Upturn'd to the Workhouse Clock!

Oh! that the Parish Powers,
Who regulate Labour's hours,
'The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or elevets.
And go, for once, by that all or one
That struds in the light of Nature's sun.
And takes its time from Flowers!

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

ALAS! That breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is builed—like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT. 327

Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bediont!

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,

Behold two maidens, up the space green

Shining far distant, in the summer air

That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between

Their downy plumes.—sailing as if they were

Two far-off ships.—until they brush between

The churchyard's numble walls, and watch and wait

On either side of the wide open'd gate.

And there they stand—with hanglity necks before
God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
Frowning reluctant dety from the poor,
And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes:
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
Breathing its wishes in unfaitful sighs,
With pouring lips,—lorgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious lace;—

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
May wear the happiness of tich attire;
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
May change the soul's warm glances for the fire

328 THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT

Of lifeless diamonds;—and for health denied,— With art, that blushes at itself, inspire Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory That has no life in life, not after-vory.

The agrid priest goes shaking his grey hair. In meekest consuting, and turns his eye. Earthward in grief, and heavenward in pray'r, And sighs, and clasps his bands, and passes hy, Good-hearted man! what sollen soul would wear. Thy sorrow for a gath, and constantly. Put on thy censure, that might wis the praise. Of one so grey in goodness and in days?

Also the solemn clerk partables the six me.

Of this ungodly clane of homee proce.

And sadly blends his reverence and thane.

In one grave bow, and passes with a stride impatient —many a red-booked done.

Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside from wanton dress, and marvels o'er again.

That heaven bath no wet judgments for the vain.

"I have a fily in the bloom at home,"

Quoth one, "and by the blessed Sabbath day
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come

And read a lesson upon vain array;—

And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some

Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say—

Making my reverence,—'Ladies, an you please

King Solomon's not half so fine as these.'"

Then her meck partner, who has nearly run

His earthly course, --> Nay, Goody, let poer text

Grow in the guiden, ---We have only one--Who knows that these aim eyes may see the next?

Summer will come again, and summer sun,
And likes too, - (art I were not by year

To mar my garden, and car short the blow
Of the last hly I may live to grow.

"The last!" quoth she, "and though the last it were—
Lo! these two wanton-, where they stand so proud
With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
And painted cheeks. like Dagons to be bow'd
And curtsey'd to!—last Sabbath after pray'r,
I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud
If they were angels—but I made him know
God's bright ones better, with a litter blow!"

So speaking, they pursue the pelility walk

That leads to the white perch the Sanday throng,

Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,

And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,

330 THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT

And posted churchwarden with solemn stalk,
And gold-bedizen'd beadle flames along,
And gentle peasant clad in buff and green,
Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene;

And blushing maiden—modestry array'd
in spotless white,—still conscious of the glass;
And she, the lonely widow, that bath made
A sable covenant with grief,—alas!
She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,
While the poor kindly heartest, as they pass,
Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress
Her boy,—so rosy!—and so fatherless!

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near. The fair white temple, to the tracky call.

Of pleasant hells that the nells, in the car.—

Now the last frock, and so that hood, and shawl.

Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere.

Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,

—Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
In purple luxuries—with restless gold,—
Flauring the grass where widowhood has wair'd
In blotted black,—over the heapy mould

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT. 331

Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd How the warm vanity abused the cold; Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone Sadly uplooking through transparent stone

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
Shocking the awiul presence of the dead;
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight
Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright
Of sun, but put stand socrow in their tread,
Meting it into steps, with inward breath.
In very pity to becaused leath.

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
To solemn pray 1, and the load changed hymos—
With glowing picturings of joys divine
Painting the mist-light where the roof is dim
But youth looks apward to the window shine,
Warming with rose and purple and the swim
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes;

Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath

Enrobed his angels,— and with absent eyes

Hearing of Heav'n, and its directed path,

Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies

332 THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT

Clouding with satin,—till the preacher's wrath

Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries

With a deep voice that trembles in its might,

And carnest eyes grown cloquent in light:

6 Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to look. On very beauty, and the beart embrace. True loveliness, and from this holy book. Drink the warm-breathing tendences and grace. Of love indeed! Oh, that the young soul took. Its virgin passion from the glorices face. Of fair religion, and addressed its strife.
To win the riche, of eternal like!

"Doth the vain near love glory that is none.

And the poor exertione of vain artice?

On go, and drown your eves again a the sun,

The visible ruler of the starry quire,

Till boiling gold in giddy clases run,

Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire;

And the faint soul down-starkens into right,

And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

"Oh go, and gaze,--when the low winds of ev'n
Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
Their gold-crown'd heads; and the rich blooms of heav's
Sun-ripen'd give their blushes up to God;

And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riv'n By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence!

"Yet suns shall perish—states shall fade away
Day into darkness—darkness into death—
Death into silence; the warm light of slay,
The blooms of summer, the rich gloving breath
Of even—all shall wither and decay,
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The turch of morn—or bubbles of tich dyes
That break and vanish in the aching eyes."

They hear, soul-blushing, and repeat art. he l.

Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour Their sin to earth.—and with low drooping head.

Receive the solemn blessing, and implore.

Its grace—then soberly with charten'd tread,

They meekly press towards the gusty door.

With humbled eyes that go to graze upon.

The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

The lowly grass!—O water-constant mind!

Fast-obling holiness!—soon-fading grace
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind

Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face

334 THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT

For ever!—How they lift their eyes to find Old vanities!— Pride wins the very place Of meckness, like a bird, and flutters now With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow!

And lo I with eager looks they seek the way
Of old temptation at the lowly gare;
To feast on feathers, and on vain array,
And painted cheeks, and the rich elistering state
Of rewel-sprinkled look—But where are they.
The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
With lofty neek, and nods, and stiffen'd eye?—
None challenge the old homage bending by.

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before, —
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,
And lofty Pride has stiflen'd to the core,
For impious Life to tremble it its deem,—
Set for a warning token exercise.
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifeed hands and wond'ring eyes.

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn,
But shakes not sorrow a der his grey hair;
The solema clerk goes lavender'd and shorn
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair;—

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

And ancient lips that pucker'd up in scorn,
Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r;
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the noly sod;
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks.——Age, with saplent nod
Marking the spot, still tarties to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends, if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I leved in vain;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts,
Our hands will never meet again!

Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
Even the outward form of love
Must be resigned with some regret.
Friends, we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget
Our hands have join'd but not our hearts:
I would our hands have never met!

FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Look how the last soars upward and is gone, Turning a sprift as he nears the sky! His voice is hear I, but body there is rook. To fix the come excursions of the e.e.. So, poets' songs are with us, sho' they die. Obscured, and hid by deam's oblivious shroud, And Earth inherits the rich melody. Like raining music from the morning cloud. Yet, few there he who pipe so sweet and loud. Their voices reach us through the lapse of spaces. The noisy day is deafend by a crowd. Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race; But only lark and nightingule forlorn.

LYCUS THE CENTAUR.

FROM AN UNROLIED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONGIS CURIUS,

Who hath ever been bried and bound by a spell To wander, fore-damn'd, in that circle of nell Where Witchery works with her will like a god. Works more than the wonders of time at a nod,---At a word,-at a touch, at a fla h of the car, But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a lie, Things born of a wish-to endure for a thought . Or last for long ages - to vanish to nought, Or put on new semblarce? O Jove I had given The throne of a kingdom to know if the heaven, And the earth and its streams were of Circe, or whether They kept the world's Mithday and brighten'd together! For I loved their on terror, and constantly disaded That the earth where I dod, and the case where I bed is to The face I might dote on, should live out the lease Of the charm that created, and suddenly coase: And I gave me to slumber, is if from one dream To another-each horrid, and drank of the stream Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaff'd . Swift poison, and never should becathe from the deaft,-'Such drink as her own monare't beisband drain'd up When he pledged her, and Fate closed his eyes in the cup. And I pluck'd of the fruit with held breath, and a fear That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear;

For once at my supporting, I pluck'd in the dusk. An apple jaid go hing and fragmant of musk;

Ent by dayle, he day in gets were crosson'd with gore, and the half-caren fragment was flesh at the core;

And the half-caren fragment was flesh at the core;

And one conky once to the love of its blush,

I I oke a bloom bough, but there came such a gush. On my lood, that it fainted away in weak fright.

While the I dehidden we objected shrick'd at the sight. And oh! such in apony thall'd in that rote,

That my conk starting up, beat its wings in my throat,
As it long'd to be free of a body whose hand.

Was doon'd to work tormer to a Firey had plann'd!

There I crood without stir, yet how willing to flee, As if noted and ben or sturn'd into a tree.—
Oh! for innocent deaths, and to suddeal, win it, I drank of the sto an, but no poiseo was in it;
I plunged in its waters, but ere I cool i slok.
Some invisible fate pull'd to back to the I dink;
I sprang from the rock, it on its preface height,
But f li on the gross with a orreshopper's flight;
I ran at my it is they were fairs and no more,
For the bear would not in a ck, my limbs, nor the boar,
But mean'd self their brut itself the could not smother.
The hourible trach, swe were I in to each other!

They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief, All for in their skin, but all friends in their grief:

The leopard was there,—baby-mild in its feature;
And the tiger, black-baseld, with the pare of a creature. That knew gentle pity; the bristle-back'd boar,
His innocent tusks stain d with mulberry gore;
And the laughing bycase-bat laughing to more;
And the snake, nor with magned criss to devise.

Strange death, but with woman's attaction of eyes;
The tall ugly ape, that still bore a sun shine.

Through his hairy cripse of a mantrood dwine;
And the clephant stately, wich more than its reason,
How thoughtful in sadness? but this is no season.

To reckon them up from the lag hellied to a

To the mamne th, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.

There were were of all shapes, wretched forms, when I came.

That hung down their heads with a human-life sname; The elephant hid in the bough, and the bear Shed over his eyes the dark will of his bair; And the womanly sout turning sick with disgust, Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crast; While all groun'd their grouns into one at their lot. As I brought them the image of what they were not.

Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking Through vile bratal organs--loss remailous creaking; Cries swallow'd abruptly - deep animal tones.

Attuned to strange passion, and full-utter'd groans;

All shuddering weaker, till bush'd in a pause.

Of tongues in mute motion and wide yawning jaws;

And I guess'd that those horrors were meant to tell o'er The tale of their woes; but the silence told more, That willied on their tongues; and I knelt on the sod And prayed with my voice to the cloud-stirring god. For the sad congregation of supplicants there, That upturn'd to his heaven brute faces of prayer; And I ceased and they utter'd a meaning so deep, That I wept for my heart-ease, -- but they could not weep And gazed with red eyeball, all wistfully dry, At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye. Then I motion'd them round, and, to soothe their distress, I caress'd, and they bent them to meet my caress, Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm, And with poor grateful eye, sailer'd meekly and calm Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard rate From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate; So they passively bow'ds save the support that leaps To my breast like a litter, and provincely crept In embrace of my need, and with close risses blister'd My lips herath love, -- their drew brel ward, and glister'd Her eyes in my facy, and loud his ing affright, Dropt down, and swift start d away from my sight!

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot, Turned brone in my soul, though my body was not. When I fied from the acrow of womanly faces, That shrouded their wir. In the shade of lone places, And dash'd off hright tears, till their fingers were wet. And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet:

But I fled-though they stretch'd out their hands, all entangled

With hair, and blood-stain'd of the breasts they had mangled,—

Though they call'd—and perchance but to ack, had I seen
Their loves, or to till the vile wrong, that had been:
But I stay'd not to hear, lest the story should hold
Some hell form of words some enchantment, once told.
Might translate me in flesh to a brute; and I dreaded
To gaze on their charms, less my faith should be wedded
With some pity, shall love us that pity perchance—
To a thing not ell lovely; for once at a glance,
Methought, where one sat, I described a bright wonder
That flow'd like a long silver rivulet under
The long fenny grass,—with so lovely a breast,
Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the react

So I roun'd in that circle of horrors, and Fear Walk'd with me, by hills, and in valleys, and near Cluster'd trees for their gloom—not to shelter from heat—

But lest a brute-shadow should grow at my feet;
And besides that full oft in the sunshiny place
Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,
/In the horrible likeness of demors (that none
Could see, like invisible flames in the sun);
But grew to one monster that seized on the light,
Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night;

Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the south: Wild birds of hige beak, and all borrors that drouth Engenders of slime in the land of the pest, Vile shapes without shape, and foul bats of the West, Bringing Night on their wings; and the bodies wherein Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin, Many-handed, that blent in one phonton of fight Like a Titan, and threatfully warred with the light; I have heard the wild shirel, that gave signal to close, When they rush'd on that shadowy Pythen of foes, That mer with sharp beaks and wide gaping of raws, With flappings of wing and face grasping of claws, And which of long tails to 4 hard seen the quick flutter Of fragments dissever'd and nicks stretch'd to atter Long screamings of gash, -- the swift motion of blows, And wie fling of a ms to the flight at the close, When the dust of the carth startled in wards in rings, And flow on the whirlwing that lob wid their wings.

Thus they fied --nor fore steen.—but often to grow Like fears in my eyes, when I well 'd to and fro In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen. The warm to a holf-kisses, but clean or unclean. I knew not, you whether the love I had won. Was of heaven or hell - till one day in the sun, In its very noon-blaze, I could farey a thing. Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling. On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky, Half-seer and half-dream'd, in the soul of his eye.

And when in my musings I gazed on the stream, in motionless trances of thought, there would seem A face like that face, looking upward through mine; With its eyes full of love, and the dim drowned shine Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue Serene:—there I stood for long hours but to view Those fond carnest eyes that were ever unlifted Towards me, and wink'd as the waret-weed drifted Between; but the fish lover that presence, and plied Their long entry tails, and swir datted colde.

There I goved for lost time, and forgot all the things

That once led been wonders—the ishes with wives, And the glimmer of machined eyes that book'd eperiom the clooms of the bottom like pearl in a cup. And the longe codless structured solvery gleam, Slow winding along like a tide in the stream. Some maid of the water, some Naiad, methought Held me dear in the pearl of her eye - and I brought My wish to the fancy; and often I dash'd My limbs in the water, and suddenly splash'd The cool drops around me, yet doing to the brink, Chill'd by watery fears, how that beauty might sink With my life in her arms to be garden and bind me With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me In some eddy to hum out my life in her ear, Like a spider-caught bee,—and in aid of that fear

Came the tardy remembrance—Oh falsest of men!
Why was not that beauty remembered till then?
My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run.
Into mine—like a drop—that our fate might be one,
That now, even now, may-be,—clasp'd in a dream,
That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,
And gezed with fond eyes that her terus tried to smother
On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another!

Then I lose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind, Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind On het chystalline face, while I painfully leapt To the bank, and shook of the ours waters, and wept With my brow in the reed; and the reeds to my ear Bow'd, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear, Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one That loved me, but oh to fly from her, and hun Her love like a pest-through her love was as true To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue; For why should I love has with love that would bring All misfortune, like hate, on so jeyous a thing? Because of her rival, --even Her whose witch-face I had slighted, and therefore was doom'd in that place To roam, and had roam'd, where all horrors grew rank, Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank; Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail * To our love like a blight, and they told me the tale Of Scylla, -and Picus, imprison'd to speak His shult-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak,

LYCUS THE CENTAUR.

Then they ceased-I had heard as the voice of my star That told me the truth of my fortunes-thus far I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush Of deep meditation,-when lo! a light crush Of the reeds, and I turn'd and look'd round in the night Of new supshine, and saw, as I sipp'd of the light Narrow-winking, the realised nymph of the stream, Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms be kept throwing Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing In falls to her feet, and the blue waters roll'd Down her limb like a garment, in many a fold, Sur-spangled, gold-broider'd and fled far behind, Like an infinite main. So she came and reclined In the reeds, and I hunger'd to see her unseal The buds of her eyes that would ope and reveal The blue that was in them, -- they oped and she taised Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed With her eyes on my eyes; but their colour and shine Was of that which they look'd on, and mostly of mine-For she loved me, -except when she blush'd, and they sank.

Shame-humbled, to number the stones on the bank, Or her play-idle fingers while lisping she told me. How she put on her veil, and in love to behold me. Would wing through the sun till she fainted away. Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay. In love-patience long hours, and some dazzled her eyes, In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies,

But now they were heal'd,-O my heart it still dances. When I think of the charm of her changeable glances, And my image how small when it sank in the deep Of her eyes where her soul was, -Alas! now they weep, And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf She has pluck'd with her tresses? Who listens her grief Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat Them together? Ah! surely her flowers float adown To the sea unaccepted, and fittle ones drown For need of her mercy, ---even be whose twin-brother Will miss him for ever; and the sorrowful mother Imploreth in vain for his body to kiss And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is. Because that soft pity is lost in hard para! We loved, how we loved '---for I thought not again Of the woes that were whi per a like fears in that place If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drown'd For my absence,-her arms were the arms that sought round

And claspt me to nought; for I gazed and became Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name For two loves, and call deven on Ægle, sweet maid Of the sky-loving water, -and was not afraid Of the sight of her skin; -for it never could be, Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me!

Thus our bliss had endured for a time-shorten'd space, like a day made of three, and the smile of her face Had been with me for joy,—when she told me indeed Her love was self-ta-k'd with a work that would need Some short hours, for in truth 'twas the veriest pity Our love should not last, and then sang me a dit'y, Of one with warm hips that should love her, and love

When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over, so she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested. My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested. Till my thoughts grew extinct, and I sank in a sleep. Of dreams,—but their meaning was hidden too deep. To be read what their woe was;—but still it was woe. That was writ on all faces that swam to and ho. In that river of night;—and the gaze of that eyes. Was sad,—and the bend of their brows,—and their cries. Were seen, but I heard not.—The warm touch of tears. Travell'd down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears.

Awaked me, and lo! I was couch'd in a bower,
The growth of long summers read up in an hour!
Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly
From this magic, but could not, because that my eye
Grew love-idle among the rich blooms; and the earth
Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth
Of some bird was above me,—who, even in lear,
Would startle the thrush? and methought there drew
near

LYCUS THE CENTAUR.

A form as of Ægle,-but it was not the face Hope made, and I knew the witch-Queen of that place Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a Death Which I fear'd, and yet fled not, for want of my breath. There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed, Her spite-- and her countenance changed with her mind As she plann'd how to thrall me with beauty, and bind My soul to her charms, - and her long tresses play'd From shade into shine and from shine into shade. Like a day in mid-autumn, - first fair, O how fair! With long snaky locks of the adder-black bair That clung round her neck, -those dark locks that I prize, For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes Of that fathomless buc, -but they changed as they roll'd, And brighten'd, and sundenly blezed into gold That she comb'd into flames, and the locks that fell down Turn'd dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown, Not loved, till I saw the light ringlets shed wild, That innocence wears when she is but a child: And her eyes,-Oh I ne'er had been witch'd with their shine.

Had they been any other, my Ægle, than thine!

Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I madden'd In the full of their light. -but I sadden'd and sadden'd The deeper I look'd, -till I sank on the snow Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,

And answer'd its throb with the shudder of fears,
And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,
And strain'd her white arms with the still sanguid
weight

Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame To hide me from her—the true Ægle—that came With the words on her lips the false witch had foregiven

To make me immortal—for now I was even

At the portals of Death, who but waited the hush

Of worlds-sound, in my ear to cry we frome, and tush

With my soul to the banks of his black flowing tiver.

Oh, would it had flown for my body for ever.

Ere I listen'd those words, when I felt withea start,

The life-blood ruch back in one throb to my heart.

And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell

Had perish'd in horror—and heard the farewell

Of that voice that was drown'd in the dash of the stream!

How fain had I follow'd and plunged with that scream Into death, but my being indignantly lagg'd Through the brutalised flesh that I painfully dragg'd Behind me:—" O Circe! O mother of spite!

Speak the last of that curse? and imprison me quite. In the husk of a brute,—that no pity may name. The man that I was,—that no kindled may claim. The monster I am! Let me utterly be.

Brute-buried, and Nature's dishonour with me.

Uninscribed!"—But she listen'd my prayer, that praise

To her malice, with smiles, and advised me to gaze on the river for love,—and perchance she would make. In pity a maid without eyes for my sake. And she I is me like Scorn. Then I ask'd of the wave, What monster I was, and it trembled and gave. The true shape of my grief, and I turn'd with my face. From all waters for ever, and fled through that place, Till with horror more strong than all magic I pass'd. Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wender'd in sorrow, and shunn'd the abodes
Of men, that stood up in the likeness of Gods,
But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sea
On their cities, where man was a million, not one;
And I saw the white smoke of their alture ascending,
That show'd where the hearts of the many were blending,
And the wind in my face brought shull voices that came
From the trumpets that gather'd whole bands in one
fame

As a choius of man,—and they streamed from the gates.

Like a dusky Ebation pour'd out to the l'ates.

But at times there were gentler processions of peace.

That I watch'd with my soul in my eyes till their cease,.

There were women! then men! but to me a third sex.

I sew them all dots—yet I loved them as specks:

And off to resuage a sad yearning of eyes.

I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise.

The a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten. By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten!

Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmur'd between us and i iss'd them with looks;
But the willows unboson'd their secret, and never
I return'd to a sport I had startled for ever,
Though I oft long'd to brow, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son?

For the hunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight, The men in their borror, the women in fright;

None ever remain'd save a child once that sported Among the wild blackells, and playfully courted The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away From the flower at his finger; he rose and drew near Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear, But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright

To grow to large manhood of merciful might.

He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel,

The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,

And question'd my face with wide eyes; but when
under

My lids he saw trans,-for I wept for his wonder,

He stroked me, and utter'd such kindliness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men.
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this!
And I yearn d at his checks in my love, and down bent,
And lifted him up with my arms with intent
To kiss him,—but he crucl-kindly, alas!
Held out to my lips a pluck'd handfull of grass!
Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my haid,
That dissever'd my car,—but I telt not, whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate!

Thus I wander'd companion'd of grief and fortorn Till I wish'd for that land where my being was born, But what was that land with its love, who came home Was self-shut against me for why should a come Like an after-distress to my grov-to-adea father, With a blight to the last of his sight? --let him rather Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn To his son even such as he left him. Oh. how Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now Like Gods to my humbled estate? -or how bear The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care Of my hands? Then I turn'd me self banish'd, and came Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same As payelf. I have heard how they met by a stream In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream

Against heaven, and so vanish'd.—The gentle and wise Lose their thoughts in deep studies, and others their ill in the mirth of mankind where they mingle them still.

SONNET

FOR THE 14TH OF PEBRUARY.

No popular respect will I omit
To do thee honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather thou knowest I would still outrun
All calendars with Love's,—whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the Sun,—
For with thy favour was my life begun;
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by summers, for I thrive on none
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles:
Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

The man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the Ball
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,

How small those emmets in our eyes!

Some carry little sticks—and one.

His eggs—to warm them in the sun:

Dear! what a hustle.

And bustle!

And there's my aunt. 1 know her by ber waist,

So long and thin,

And so pinch'd in,

Just in the pismire taste.

Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

And what is life? and all its ages—

There's seven stages!

Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!

And Tooting, too!

And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,

If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;
Although like Cindere'lla's breed,

They're mice at bottom.

Then let me not despise a horse,

Though he looks small from Paul's high cross;

Since he would be,-as near the sky,

-Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap?

Mogg's Map.

The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel A tidy kennel.

The bridges stretching from its banks? Stone planks.

Oh me! hence could I read an admonition To mad Ambition!

But that he would not listen to my call,

Though I should stand upon the cross, and ball!

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,

And the sentimental reads;

Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—

Like the occan—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadlet's Wells,—
And the Chandlet for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the occan brim, As levely and fair as sin! But wee, deep water and wee to him, That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pietry sea-wares, And her locks are golden and loose; And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs. To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be, Hath planted his seat by her side; "Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea, To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows;

And clasp'd him by the hand:—

" Come, love, with me; I've a bouny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,

No honeycomb e'et was sweeter:

Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this

That Peter should be salt-Peter;

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt, Not walking, as damsels do, With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept, But she hopt like a Kangaroo!

One plunge, and then the victim was blind, Whilst they gallop'd across the tide: At last on the bank he waked in his mind, And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,

But his air all began to stiffen;

For when he looked where her feet should be,

She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail of a dolphin's growth
In the dabbling brine did soak.
At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:—

"You crimpt my father who was a skate; -And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fishlike fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd!"

And away she went, with a seaguil's scream, And a splash of her sancy tail; In a moment be lost the silvery gleam That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water-hillocks all seem'd to him,
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the tmf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be:
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea:

And whilst he stood, the watery strife

Encroached on every hand,

And the ground decreas'd—his moments of life

Seeni'd measur'd, like 'Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foom'd in, like ale,
In front and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.—

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice φ'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaiet lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his matble slab;
And he thought he felt in every part
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil d,
Gnaw'd into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fio,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as tho'
Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift
One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift
Or an anker where Hope might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam affoat,

To raft him from that sad place;

Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,

Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,

He saw a sail and a mast.

And called "Ahoy!" --but it was not a hoy,

And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in has face,
The wild bird about him flew.
With a shrilly scream that twitted his case,
"Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt-drop,
That grief had caused to arise;—

But just as his body was all afloat

And the surges above him broke,

He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,

Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,

And chafed his shivering skin;

And the angel returned that was flying away.

With the spirit of Peter Fin!

A VALENTINE.

Ou! cruel heart' ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath:
Those cruel eyes, like two fenereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burn'd so blue,
It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers; and it boded true,
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage; just stopp'd before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
Illum'd within by glow-worms of the grave;
These ruddy checks, so pleasant to the sight,
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep death's carnival, and, foul or fresh.
Must bid farewell, to flesh!

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee
As broken victuals to the worms will go;
And all the world will dine again but me—
For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
As now thou art; but will not tens of woe
Water thy spirits, with remorse idjunct,
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep
Within thy presence in such dismal sceming;
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep.
And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
And pray with mingled penitence and dread
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
Will eat into my heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move,
Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
"Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

Mine eyes grow deposical—I can no more—
And what is written thou may'st scene to read,
Shutting thy treatess eyes,—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
My hand is destin'd for another deed
But one lest word wrong from its aching core,
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed!
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare thee well!

TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the spring,
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing:
"Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,
"Only for looks that may turn back on me;

"Only for roses that your chance may throw— Though wither'd—I will wear them on my brow, To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain,— Warm'd with such love, that they will bloom again.

"Thy love before thee, I must tread behind, Kissing thy footprints, though to me unkind; But trust not all her fondness, though it seem, Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

"Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet;
But smiles betray, and music sings deceir;
And words speak false;—yer, if they welcome prove,
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

"Only if waken'd to sad truth, at last,
The Litterness to come, and sweemess part;
When thou art vent, then turn again, and see
Thou hast loved Hope, but Merrory loved thee,"

HERO AND LEANDER.

TO S. T. COLIABRE.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise

Can add one moment's honour to thy own,

That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;

I seek to glorify myseif alone.

For that some precious favour thou hast shown

To my endeavour in a by-gone time,

HERO AND LEANDER.

And by this token I would have it known
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme I
It is my dear ambition now to climb
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when
We gain applauses from the great in name,
We seem to be partakers of their tame.

On Bards of old! what sorrows have ye sing.
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—
Sad Philomel restored her ravish'd tongoe,
And transform'd Niobe in dambness shown;
Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls,
And Hero on the drown'd Leander falls!

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights
Should make our blisses relish the more high?
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights
Whose flourish'd fortunes prosper in Love's eye,
Weep here, unto a tale of Ancient grief,
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

There stands Abydos!—here is Sector' steep,
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap.
And that is where those famous lovers be,
A builded gloom shot up into the grey,
As if the first tall wat h tow'r of the day.

Lo! how the lark sears upward and is gone; Turning a spirit as he nears the sky, His voice is heard, though body there is none, And rain-like music scatters from on high; But Love would follow with a falcon spire, To pluck the ministrel from his dewy height.

For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets, Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore, A vexing sense, that with like music frets, And chimes this dismal lunthen o'er and o'er, Saying Leander's joys are past and spent, Like stars extinguish'd in the firmament.

For ere the golden crevices of mern.
Let in those regal luxuries of light,
Which all the variable east adom,
And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,
Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,
Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

Hark! how the billows beat upon the sand!
Like pawing steeds impatient of delay;
Meanwhile their rider, ling'ring on the land,
Dallies with love, and holds farewell at bay
A too short span.—Itow tedious slow is grief!
But parting renders time both sad and brief.

Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,
Should be the burning signal for my flight,
From all the world's best image, which is here;
Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,
Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere."

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark, Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale, And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark, All dim and carnish'd with a dreary will, No more to kindle (All the night's return, Like stars replenish'd at Joy's golden urn.

Ev'n thus they creep into the spectral grey,
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brun,
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,
He clasping her, and she entwining him;
Like trees, wind-parted, that embrace anon,—
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear.
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss?
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,
And sums the loss with many an auxious kiss,
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drown'd, And spie their snow white bones below the deep, Then calls hape congregated monsters round, And plant a rock wherever ne would keep, Anon she dweds on a finitistic dieum, Wareh shame, as so of that first stream.

Saying 'In thomal fly I six withter, Which light don't water his scip. When, low! the flewer enime in definy bee, Closed in him sud! nly in 1 cl?!!! nig., And he was statler in 1 cuchin diw, Therefore this divithy !r wire, I shadine?

Put next ten in ten in the strent form. She clips I im it in a rms and inds him in pro-.
But seeing him it real toose experts her hime, And plack him in ack pointing be in a snow; And tens unfix him entire it resolve it un.
As stedfast from an ethic of the virs of tun.

Of ratype of parting! I over a love Is like the final traction of two spheres, Which is a list a god like effort to remove, And then suck down their sums atmospheres, In rain and da kne sen each run'd heart, Nor yet their a clodies will sound apart So brave Leander sunders from his bride;
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain;
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,—
And life must ache, until they join again.
Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound?—
Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

And for the agony and bosom-throe,
Let it be measured by the wile vactuit,
For that is infinite, and so is woe,
Since parted lovers breatheir everywhere.
Look how it heaves Leinder's biocuring chest,
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest!

From which he leaps into the scooping brine, 'That shocks his besom with a double chill; Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline, 'That cold divorce will be twist them still; 'Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide, Where life grows death upon the other side.

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil Against rude waves and an unwilling mind, Wishing, alas! with the stout rower's toil, That like a rower he might gaze behind. And watch that lonely statue he harh left, her bleak summit, weeping and bereft!

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks

Pursue him still the furthest that they may!

Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,

And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray
In dumb petition to the gods above:

Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave, That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek, And bans his labour like a hopeless slave, That, chain'd in hostile galley, faint and weak, Plies on despairing through the restless foam, Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,
When he rows on against the utter blank,
Steering as if to dim etc.nity.—
Like Love's fiail ghost departing with the dawn;
A failing shadov, in the twilight drawn.

And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint And failing image in the eye of thought. That mocks his model with an after-paint, And stains an atom like the shape she sought; Then with her carnest vows she hopes to fee The old and houry majesty of sea, King of waves, and brother of high Jove,
Reserve my sumless venture there affoat;
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,
Are all embark d upon that little boat;
Nay!—but two loves, two lives, a double fate,—
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

"If implous mariners be stain'd with crime,
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks;
Lay by thy storms until another time,
Lest my frail bank be dash'd against the rocks:
O rather smooth thy deeps, that he may fly
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky!

"Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,
Nor gore him with cook'd tucks, or wreathed horns;
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns;
But if he faint, and timely succour lack,
Let ruthful dolphins rest him on their back.

"Let no false dimpling whithpools suck him in,
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath;
Let no jagg'd coral tear his tender skin,
Nor mountain billows bury him in death;"
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,
the drown'd his painted image in her tears.

By this, the climbing Sun, with rest repair'd, Look'd through the gold embrasures of the sky, And ask'd the drowsy world how she had fared;— The drowsy world shone brighten'd in reply; And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

His face was pallid, but the heetic morn Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks, And slanderous sparkles in his eyes follorn: So death lies ambash'd in consumptive streaks; But inward grief was writhing o'er its task, As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

He thought of Hero and the lost lel'ght,
Her last embracings, and the space between;
He thought of Hero and the further night,
Her speechless rapture and enamem'd mich,
When, lost before him, scarce two galleys'space,
His thoughts confronted with another face!

Her aspect's like a moon, disincly fair,
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on:
'Tis so beclouded with her coal black hair
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
As marole lies advantaged upon jet.

To be a woman;—but a woman's double,
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble;
Or dim creation of a morning dream,
Fair as the wave-bleach'd lily of the stream.

The very rumour strikes his seeing dead:
Great beauty like great fear first stans the senseHe knows not if her lips he blue or red,
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence.
Like marder's witness swooring to the court,
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes
Are that with azure, like two crystal wells
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,
Or pearls outpeeping from their silvery shells:
Her polish'd brow, it is an ample plain,
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower!
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,
And make it pale by tribute to more power;
Her rounded checks are of still paler hue,
Touch'd by the bloom of water, tender blue.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water, Under the glossy umbrage of her hair, Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter, Naiad, or Nereid, or Syren fair, Mislodging music in her pitiless breast, A nighting de within a falcon's nest.

They say there Le such maidens in the deep, Chaiming poor mariners, that all too near By mortal hillables fall dead asleep, As drowsy men are poison'd through the ear; Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge, This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

At which he falls into a deadly chill,

And strains his eyes upon her lips apart;

Fearing each breath to feel that problem shrill,

Pierce through his marrow, like a death-blown dart

Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,

With mortal venom traught, and fiery pain.

Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space;
There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,
His mind stretch'd universal, to embrace
The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell,—
A moment's musing—but an age to tell.

The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,

Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and wither'd countenance,

A wasted ruin that no wasting lack'd;

Time's tragic consequents ere time began,

A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words,—
An hour of words is little for some woes;
Too little breathing a long lite affords
For love to paint itself by perfect shows:
Then let his love and grief unwrong'd lie dumb,
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

As when the crow, hard by some jutty cape, Struck pale and panick'd by the billows' roar, Lay by all timely measures of escape.

And let their back go driving on the shore;
So fray'd Leander, duffting to his wreck,
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,
Sway'd by the waves, and nothing by his will,
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

Lo! how she startles at the warning shock,
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,
More like his safe smooth harbour than his rock:
Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.

His eyes are blinded with the skety brine, His cars are deafen'd with the wildering noise; He asks the purpose of her fell design, But foamy waves choke up his straggling voice; Under the ponderous sea his body dips, And Hero's name dues bubbling on his lips.

Look how a man is lewer'd to this grave — A yearning hollow in the green earth's tap; So he is sunk into the yawning wave — The plunging sea fills up the watery gap; Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen. But likeness of go on turf and hillocks green.

And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping, Over the verdout plain that makes his bed;
And all the neisy waves go freshly leaping,
Like princeome boys over the churchyard dead;
The light in vain keeps looking for his face:
Now screaning sea-fowl settle in his place.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Yet weep and watch for him, though all in vain!
Ye moaning billows, seek him is ye winder!
Ye gazing sunbount, look for him again!
Ye winds, grow home with asking for I cinder!
Ye did but purchim for more cruck tape.
Sea-storm and rum in a finite shipe!

She says 'ris level but that the sheet The gloring of his second but the his level beautiful to the same of the history of the same of the

She holds the cake, but be simple hand. Hith spill in the valls the way!

She hath life scripty a amount it con mind,

But her cwn le the exect in the pay,

As if a thich hourds a ratin to vest

Some deid min a spoil, and sicken of hape to

Now she compels him to har deeps below,

Hiding his face be with her plantous han,

Which jealously she shakes all round har brow,

For dread of envy, though no eyes ar there

But seals', and all brute tenants' of the deep,

Which heedless through the wave their jeaning keep

Down and still downward through the dusky green.

She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste
In too rash ignorance, as he had been
Born to the texture of that watery waste;
That which she breathed and sight, the emerald wave.
How could her pleasant home become his grave?

Down and still downward through the dusky green Sne hore her treasure, with a face too nigh. To mark how life was alreed in its mien, Or how the light grew to piel in his eye, Or how his pearly breath, unpresond there, Flow up to join the universal air.

She could not miss the throbbing of his heart, Whilst her own pulse so want and in its joy; She could not guess he straggled to dipart. And when he strove no more, the hapless boy! She read his mortal stillness for content, Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

Soon she alights upon her o'e an-floor,
And straight unyokes her aims from her fair prize;
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,
As if to glut her soul;— her hungry eyes
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight;
It seems she hath no other sense but sight.

But O sad marvel! O most bitter strange!
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale?
Why will he not embrace,—why not exchange
Her kindly kisses;—wherefore not exhale
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates.
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits?

Her eyes, poor watchers, fix'd upon his looks, Are grappled with a wonder man to grief, As one, who pores on and ciphu'd books, Strains vam surmice, and dodges with belief; So she keeps garing with a may thought, Framing a thousand doubts that end an neight,

Too stern inscription for a page so young, The dark translation of his look was death! But death was written in an alien tongue, And learning was not by to give it breath; So one deep woe deeps buried in its seal, Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap, Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there With heavy head hes pillow'd in her lap, And elbows all unhinged;—his sleeking hair 'Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand Leans with wax fingers crook'd against the sand; And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale
So soon the wintry death had bleach'd his face.
Into cold man'de, with blue chilly shades,
Showing when in the freezy blood prevades.

And c'er his steadfast check a furrow'd pain Hath set, and stiffen'd, like a storm in ice, Showing by dropping lines the deathy strain Of mortal anguish;—yet youn pair plus twice Ere Death it seem'd, and not this could, Sleep, That through those creviced fids did underpeep.

But all that tend i become, bent his eyes. Is Death sown violets, which his armonite. It is to scatter when the red test dies.

For blue is chilly, and whin to white.

Also he leaves come ranges on his Ups.

Which he hath kirs'd with such cold frosty nips.

"Surely," quech she, "he sleeps, the senseless thing, Oppress'd and faint with tolling in the stream!"

Therefore she will not mar be test, but sing
So low, her tune shall tolinghe with his dream;
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine
Lies uncuring tlocks uncurling in the brine.

V lovely boy!"—thus she attuned her voice,—
Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home,
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice;
How have I long d such a twin-self should come,—
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance belc!,
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

"Here thou shalt live, beneath this secret dome, An ocean-bow'r; defended live the shade Of quiet waters, and of executed gloom. To lap that all about. Nay, be not free different shady fishes that said by Like antic clouds across my figuid dept.

"Look how the surbeam beths upon their scales, And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins; They flash small lightnings from their vigorius tails, And winking star are kindled at their fins; These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood, And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

"Lo! those green party leaves with tassel bells, My flow'rets those, that never pine for drowth; Myself did plant them in the dappled shells, 'That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—Pearls wouldst thou have beside? crystals to shine? I had such treasures once,—now they are thine.

"Now lay thine car against this golden sand,
And thou shalt bear the music of the sea,
I hose hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is't not a rich and wondrons meledy?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone!

"I too can sing when it shall please thy choice, And breathe soft times through a melodicus shell, Though heretolore I have but set my voice To some long sighs, giref-larmon, eat to tell. How desolate I faired.—I at this sweet change. Will add new notes of gladness to my range!

"Or bid me speak, and I will tell the tales. Which I have framed out of the noise of waves; Ere now I have communed with scassless gales, And held vain colloquies with barren caves; But I could talk to thee whole days and days, Only to word my love a thousand ways.

"But it thy lips will bless me with their speech, Then ope, sweet oracles," and I'll be mute; I was born ignorant for thee to teach, Nay all love's lore to thy dear looks impute; I hen ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light I saw to give away my heart aright!" Over her knees, and with concealing clay,
Like hoarding Avarice, locks up his eyes,
And leaves her world impoverish'd of day;
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,
But there the door is closed against her need.

Surely he sleeps,—so her false wirs infer!
Alas! poor sluggard, nefer to wake again!
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir
That might denote a vision in his brane;
Or if he does not sleep, he feights to along,
Twice she hath reach'd the ending of her song.

Therefore 'tis time she tells him to uncover Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears, Whereby her April face is shaded over, Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears; Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets, therealf must too those lock d-up cabinets.

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hait
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,
To know the dainty colour of its heart.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;
So she looks in on his uncover'd eyes,
And seeing all within so drear and dark.
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
Under the swoon of holy divination:
And what had all surpass'd her simple guess,
She now resolves in this dark revelation;
Death's very mystery,—obbvious death:—
Long sleep,—deep mglet, and an entrancid breath.

Yet life, though wounded sere, not wholly slain, Merely obscured, and not extroguished, lies; Her breath that stood at ebb, soos flows again, Heaving her bollow breast with heavy sighs, And light comes in and kindles up the gloom, To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

Then like the sun, awaken'd at new dawn, With pale bewilder'd face she peers about, And spies blurr'd images obscurely drawn, Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt; But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,—A perish'd creature lying on her knees.

what now she knows how that old Murther preys, Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain:

How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,

Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain;

Parting foud mates,—and oft in flowery lawns

Bereaves mild mothers of their milly fawns.

O too dear knowledge! O peruicious carning!
Foul curse engraven upon hearty's page!
Ev'n now the sorrow of that deadly learning
Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,
And on her check stamps verdict of death's cruth
By canker blights upon the bud of youth!

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf, So her cheeks' rose is perish'd by her sighs, And withers in the sickly breath of grief; Whilst unacquainted theum bedints her eyes, Tears, virgin cears, the first that ever leapt From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
in gross admixture with the baser brine,
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,
licreafter to be worn on arms and cars;
so one maid's trophy is another's tears!

"O foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night, (Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)—
"I hou blank Oblivion—Blotter-out of light,
Life's ruthless murderer, and dear love's bale!
Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,
Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet?

"Lo! what a lovely ruin thou hast made, Alas! alas! thou hast no eye to sec, And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade. Would I had lent my doting sense to thee! But now I turn to thee, a willing mark, Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark!

"O doubly cruel —twice misdeing spite
But I will guide thee with my belping eyes,
Or—walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,—
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.
Nay, then thou should'st have spared my rose, false
Death,

And known Love's flow'r by 'melling his sweet breath

"Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,
Love should have grown from touching of his skin;
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,
And being but a shape of freezing bone,
Thy touching only turn'd my love to stone!

HERO AND LEANDER.

Mith cheeks still colder than the stilly wave.

The light beneath his cyclids seems to freeze;

Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,

O come and dig it in my sad heart's core—

That wound will bring a balsam for its sore!

"For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill Lies stingless, like a sense benumb d with cold, Healing all hurts only with sleep's good will! So shall I slumber, and perchance behold My living love in dreams,—O happy night, That lets me company his banish'd spright!

"O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep,
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil? Look, Idol! how I hug
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,
And kiss this clay-clod model of thy face!

Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps,
I do but read my sorrows by their shine;
O come and quench them with thy oozy damps,
And let my darkness intermix with thine;
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see?
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

"Away, away, this vain complaining breath,"
It does but stir the troubles that I weep;
Let it be hush'd and quieted, sweet Death;
The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—
Since love is silent, I would fain be mute;
O Death, be gracious to my dying suit!"

Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed;
'Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,
She prays to Heaven's fair light, as if her need
Inspired her there were Gods to pity pain,
Or end it,—but she lifts her arms in vain!

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this With mazy gold creeps through her warery mine, And, diving downward through the green abyss, Lights up her palace with an amour shine; There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it;
Look how the perjured glow suborns a story
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it;
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told
On coral lips, or character'd in gold;

Or else, thou maid! safe anchor'd on Love's neck, Listing the hapless doom of young Leander, Then would'st not shed a tear for that old wreck, Sitting secure where no wild surges wander; Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace, And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

Thus having travell'd on, and track'd the tale,
Like the due course of an old bas-relief,
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,
Brood here awhite upon that sea-maid's grief,
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees,

Then whilst the melancholy Muse withal Resumes her music in a sadder tone,

Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,

Conceive that lovely siren to live on,

Ev'n as Hope whisper'd the Promethean light

Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

"Tis light," she says, "that feeds the glittering stars, And those were stars set in his heavenly brow; but this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapour, mars been radiant breathing, and obscures them now therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air, And see how these dull orbs will kindle there."

"Swifty as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,
"With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net
The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,
Nor slacks till on the margin of the land
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

There like a pearly waif, just past the reach Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then, Some listless fishers, straying down the beach, Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men, Low crouching, creep into a shirker brake, And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache,

First she begins to chafe him till she faints, Then falls upon his mouth with kis est many, And sometimes pauses in her own complaints To list his breathing, but there is not any,— Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells; Light makes no pictures in such middy wells.

The hot sun parches his discover'd eyes,
The hot sun beats on his discolour'd limbs,
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,
Soiling his fairness;—then away she swims,
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green and

Another robs her of her amorous theft;
The ambush'd fishermen excep forth to plunder,
And steal the unwatch'd treasure she has left;
Only his void impression dints the sands;
Leander is purloin'd by stealthy hands!

Lo! how she shudders off the beaded wave,
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,—
"His void imprint seems hollow'd for her grave;
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls
On "Hero! Hero!" having learn'd this name
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs, And casts them forth, sad keepsakes to the wind, As if in plucking those she pluck'd her cares; But grief lies deeper, and remains behind Like a barb'd arrow, rankling in her brain, Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,
Hard by the foam, as humble as a stone,
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,
Stamu'd by the mighty mystery of magic.

HERO AND LEANDER

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,
Who left her gazing on the green expanse
That swallow'd up his track,—yet this would mate be
Ev'n in the cloudy summit of her woe,
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go,

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,
Dismally doom'd! meanwhile the billows come,
And coldly dabble with her quiet iest,
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung, Washing her weedy tresse to at d for. That round her crouching knees have darkly hung But she sits careless of waves each and flow, Like a lone beacon on a desert coast. Showing where all her hope was wreck'd and lost.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churls' report
Has throng'd the beach with many a curious face,
That peeps upon her from its hiding place.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,
Still cheek'd by human caution and strange dread.

One stops his ears,—another close beholder Whispers unto the next his grave surmise; This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder, A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,
And prompts her to befriend that lenely grief,
With all sweet helps of saterly relief.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly, With many doubtful pauses by the way; Grief hath an influence so hush'd and holy,—Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay Her hard upon that sea-maid's shoulder white, Which makes her startle up in wild affright.

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream!
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,
And seals her exit with a feamy seam,—
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,
Turning in uncouth woulder each to each.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge.

Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam;
Some point to white cruptions of the surge:

But she is vanish'd to her shady home,
Under the deep, inscrutable,—and there
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

Now here, the sighing winds, before unheard, Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow Till all the surface of the deep is stirr'd. Like to the panting grief it hides below; And heaven is cover'd with a stormy rack, Soiling the waters with its inky black.

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,
And labours shoreward with a bending wing,
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way;
Meanwhile, the curling billows shafe, and fling
Their dewy frost still fusher on the stones,
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,
Watch'd with the hope and fear of maidens pale;
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,

HERO AND LEANDER.

To guide Love safe into his homely haven.
And lo! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,
Under the dusky covert of his wing.

And so day ended. But no vesper spark
Hung forth its heavenly sign; but sheets of flame
Play'd round the savage features of the dark,
Making night horrible. That night, there came
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep.

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fanu'd,
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch
The jender covert of her sheltering hand;
Which yet, for Love's dear sake, disdain'd retire
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

For that was Love's own sign and beacon guide Across the Hellespont's wide weary space, Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide:—— Look what a red it forges on her face, As if she blush'd at holding such a light, Ev'n in the unseen presence of the night!

HERO AND LEANDER.

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,
And colder than the rude and ruffian air
That howls into her car a horrid tale
Of storm and wreck, and uttermost despair.
Saying, "Leander floats amid the surge,
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."

And hark !-- a grieving voice, trembling and faint, Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea; Like the sad music of a sin n's plaint, But shriller than Leander's voice should be Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,— Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause, Made by the raging winds it plainly calls. On "Hero! Hero!"—when upon she draws. Close to the dizzy brink, that we'er appals. Her brave and constant spirit to recoil, However the wild billows toss and toil.

"Oh! dost thou live under the deep deep sea! I thought such love as thine could never die! If thou hast gained an immortality From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I; And this talse cruel tide that used to sever Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever!

PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE

There we will sit and sport upon one billow, And sing our ocean ditties all the day, And lie together on the same green pillow, That curls above us with its dewy spray!

And ever in one presence live and dwell,

Like two twin pearls within the selfsame shell."

One moment then, upon the dizzy verge

She stands;—with face upturn'd against the sky;

A moment more, upon the foamy surge

She gazes, with a calm despairing eye;

Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath,

Which life endures when it confronts with death;—

Then from the giddy steep she madly springs, Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept Panting abroad, like unavailing wings, To save her from her death.—The sea-maid wept And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined; No meaner sepulchre should Hero find.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

Fix tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

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Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rai-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go.
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE ANY TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of low low,
All that my God can give me, or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this smill compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life!

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

O, wither'd winter Blossoms,
Dowager-flowers.—the December vanity.
In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
What are ye plann'd for,
Unless to stand for

Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,

A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
No breeze could e'et disorder,

Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A pucker'd berry;

And Box, like a tough-liv'd annuitant,—
Verdant alway—

From quarter-day even to quarter-day;

And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
Well named—God-wot;

Indee the baptism of the water-pot,

The very apparition of a plant;

Old winter-Daisy;—

Because thy virtue never was infirm,

Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?

That never wanton fly, or blighted worm,

Made holes in thy most perfect indentation?

And why,

Dost hold thy head so high.

A WINTER NOSEGAY

'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,

Forcepp'd or wing'd, was never a temptation well,—still uphold thy wintry reputation;
Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial:
And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of our
Converse with flow'rs.

Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

Away! dull weeds,

Born without beneficial use or needs!

Fit only to deck our cold winding-sheets:

And then not for the milkmaid's feneral-bloom.

Or fair Fidele's tomb-

To tantalise,—vile cheats!

Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,

Frigid, and rigid.

As if ye never knew One drop of dew,

Or the warm sun respiendent; Indifferent of culture and of care, Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,

Chudishly independent-

I hate ye, of all breeds!
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And not by interchange of kindly deeds—

Hence !- from my shelf!

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befel I'm going to relate.
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He lov'd to make, like any gorgeons Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

To drop a visit at an old chateau,

Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;

The monarch lik'd it,—but it happened so,

That Death had got before them by a post,

And they were "reckoning without their bost."

Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without a groan or a convulsive breath
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Slicing composedly from sleep—to death;
Corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
had seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

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To shed a widow'd Baroness contriv'd

To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow

Come news of such unusual sort arriv'd,

There came strange alteration in her sorrow;

True mouth to mouth it pass'd, one common humming

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet royal;
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,

There was a secret hope she could not smother,
'That some one, early, might replace "the late"—

It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd

Against her hope, which was but for a second.

She almost thought that being thus bereft.

Just then, was one of time's propirious touches;

A thread in such a nick so nick'd, it reft.

Free opportunity to be a dechess;

Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,

But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the presen

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
Look'd like their lady--anything but sad,.
And giggled even that they might not cry,
To damp fine company; in truth they had
No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throthey
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

All, resolute to one irresolution,

All, resolute to one irresolution,

Fit tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,

Just like another French mob revolution.

There lay the corpse that could not vir a muscle,

But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle,

The Monarch came: oh! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
Buried the pior defunct some fathoms deeper.—
Could be have had a plance—alas poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to D—ing.

For casting round about her eyes to find

Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclin'd

To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete

Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
Chay talk'd together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of eyes:
Couple ever got so right consort-ish
thin two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,

The courtly company began "nid noddin,"

The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never Held half so many underneath its roof, It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour, And put her best contrivance to the proof, To give them chambers up and down the stairs, In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

She had just lodging for the whole—vet barely
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on space beds that served them very sparely;
However, there were beds coough for all;
But living bodies occurred so many
could not let the dead one take up any.

The act was, certainly, not over decent:

Some small respect, e'en after death, she ow'd him
Considering his death had been so recent:

However, by command, her servants stow'd him
(I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
Stuck bolt apright within a corner cupboard!

Taking all inconvenience on himself.

Taking all inconvenience on himself.

Taking all inconvenience on himself.

Taking all sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbelt he took a longing to be fed,
About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to cat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
Cuided his gropings to that corner soon,
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
The tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it open'd to a little force.

The put one hand in, and began to grope;

The place was very deep and quite as dark as

The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,

He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcase;

Light overjoy'd, he laugh'd, and blest his luck

Inding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
Determined on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and prob'd about the mass,
As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,

His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;

For when he cut the hanneh it plainly spoke

As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak;

No wonder that his hand could go no further—

Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd,

"murther!"

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a stancase at a spring,
And bawl'denough to waken up a rown;
Some thought that they were minder'd, some, the King
And, like Miacduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

A hundred rightcaps gather'd in a mob,
'Torches drew torches, swords brought
together,

It seem'd so dark and perilous a job;
The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
be sought the door—they found it—they were there,
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;

And is I with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the body bleeding thro' his shirt, —

No passive corse—but like a ducilist

Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,

One hand advanced, and ready to resist;

In fact, the Baron dou'd the appairtion,

Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,

And for the second time agave up the ghost!

A living miracle!— for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only care'd bim kindly into life:
How soon it chang'd the posture of affairs!
The lifterence one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet

Here stood the Baron—" in the body" still
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance:
The lady died—'twas nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath:
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little chop intended for a steak!

THE POACHER.

A SERIOUS BALLAD

Bit Blosson was a nice young man, And drove the Bury coach; But bad companions were his bane, And egg'd him on to poach.

They taught him how to not the birds,
And how to moose the hare;
And with a wiry terrior,
He often set a snare,

Each "shiny night" the moon was bright, To park, preserve, and wood He went, and kept the game alive, By killing all he could.

THE POACHER.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore
That he had this demerit—
Give him an inch of warren, he
Would take a yard of ferret.

At partridges he was not nice;
And many, large and small,
Without Hall's powder, without lead,
Were sent to Leaden-Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer From forest, park, or lawn; And without courting lord or duke, Used frequently to favon.

Folks who had hares discovered snares— His course they could not stop: No harber he, and yet he made Their hares a perfect crop.

To pheasant he was such a foe,

He tried the keeper's nerves;

They swore he never seem'd to have

Jam satis of preserves.

The Shooter went to beat, and found No sporting worth a pin, Unless he tried the covers made Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,
In Surrey not a button!
The Speaker said he often tried
The Manors about Sutton.

No county from his tricks was safe; In each he tried his lucks, And when the keepers were in *Beds*, He often was at *Bucks*.

And when he went to Bucks alas!
They always came to Herts;
And even Oven used to wish
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual *Hants*,
Old *Cheshire* laid his plots;
He got entrapp'd by lettal *Berks*,
And lost his tile in *Natts*.

BALLAD.

Spring it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly
When he's forsaken,
Wither'd and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

DEATH'S RAMBLE.

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey.—
What can an old man do but die?

June it is jolly,

Oh for its folly!

A dancing leg and a laughing eye;

Youth may be silly,

Wisdom is chilly,—

What can an old man do but die?

DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death Inclined for some sport with the carnal, So he tied a pack of darts on his back, And quietly stole from his channel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?

He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin-maker)
To think how the mutes, and men in Hack suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church:
Quoth he, "We chall not differ."

And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother;
And he shot one through at once--for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,

And he gave a snore infernal;

Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep,

Can rever be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach So slow, that his fare grew sick; But he let him stray on his tedious way, For Death only wars on the quick.

DEATH'S RAMBLE.

Death sow a toll-man taking a toll,

In the spirit of his fraternity;

But he knew that sort of man would extort,

Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther!

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,

And a doctor that took the sum;

But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"

Was a prelude to "faw" and "furn."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust,
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

A CANAL CHARACTER STREET, STRE

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!

When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!

When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd

As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few, So easily and swift I drew.

Suffic'd for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand
Drew solids at a dash--and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content, But grew more critical—my be it Ess, y'd a higher walk; I copied leaden eyes in lead— Rheumatic hands in white an red, And graty feet—in chalk.

Anor, my studious art for days
Kept making faces, shappy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd;
Hectors, of whom at night 1 dreamt
And Nestor, fring'd enough to tempt
Bitd-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-star'd 'arr owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stock about with stars;
With my right hand I murdet'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same.)

But tit'd of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chilk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose, Crested with soot, and not with snows.

What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the band has penu'd.
I fear the distance did not "lend.
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radelyffe's brush did e'er design Black Forests, half so black as mine, Or lakes so like a pall; The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray Of darkness, like the light of Day And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still, I gazed on all with right good will, And spread the dongy tint; "No holy Luke help'd me to paint, The devil surely, not a Saint, Had any finger in't!"

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous bucs displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene!
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blos;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,

How Beauty's checks began to blush;

With lock of anburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Anburn)—nut-brown hair
That made her loveliest of the fair;

Not "loveliest of the plain!"

Her lips were of vermilion hue;

Love in her eyes, and Prussian plue,

Set all my heart in flame!

A young Pygmalion, I ador'd

The maids I made—but time was stor'd

With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw My houses stand against its law; And "keeping" all unkept! My beauties were to longer things For love and fend imaginings; But horiers to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint!

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Thrice happy time!—Art's early dayn!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LUGEND OF COBLENZ.

When'me has cros 'd the Mosel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summer of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open chipel to the right.
Wherein the tapers age are burning bright;
So popular, indeed, this holy thrine,
A' least enoung the female population,
By night, or it high were, you see at hine,
A very Missal for Himmatian!

Yet, when you please, it more or eve, go by All other Chapels, standing in the fields. Whose mouldy, which is husbandry but yields beans, plus, potagor imagel weazel, eye, And loll the Virgin, lonely dark, and hush, Without the glummer of a faithing right.

Diec on St. Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To farnish forth the candle ready made;
And close beside the chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, cits day by day.
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapen
Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling, Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer to "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there, Are said to get a los-band of in a twinkling: "Unst as she-glov/worm; if it be not scandal, Catch partners with their matehnomal candle,

Mhere none in marriage, we are role, are given—
Where none in marriage, we are role, are given—
To interfere below in making marches,
And help old maidens to committed exchest
The truth is, that in tend of koosing samply
(At least, so who per wags samma)
The votation are all so old and agily,
No man could raff in lose our by a minute.

However, that such waxen grifs and vows a Are sometimes for the purpose chicacious, in helping to a spouse.

Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

Yet doom'd to len ly hie,

Yet doom'd to len ly hie,

Yet doom'd to len ly hie,

Yet mant husband having been away

Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—

Yithout remembrances by words or deeds,—

Yethout remembrances by words or deeds,—

Yethout remembrances had sufficient handle

To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds—

Yeourse with a wan-cendle.

Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple, Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours, Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,

Full-handed with two tapers—
And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,
To be a ton, fish wite once more.

"Oh Holy Virgin' listen to my prayer!
And for sweet me.ey, and thy s.x's sake,
Accept the vows and offering of make—
Others set up one light, but here s a pair!"

Her perget, it seem'd, was board:

For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,

As blithe as any blid.

She stood before the Pried with Hans the Second;

A fact that made her grantiabe or bearty.

To "Unser Prow," and her prepious firthe, she sent two waxen candles superfine.

Long enough for a Lapland execuing party!

Rich was the Wooding Feast and rare—
What sausage, were there!

Of sweets and soos there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kerchewasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so sbarp that evity one was cut.
Rare was the feast—I ut rarer was the quality
Of wirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—
When just in all the middle of their jollity,—

And all the unborn branches of their house, Unwelcome and unask'd, bke Banquo's Ghost, In walk'd the long-lost spouse!

What pen could ever paint!

The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted:

Fierce Hans the First lood (fike a how that's hunted; "Poor Hans the Second like a weekling call.

Meanwhile, conferred by the Jould mire le, "The two-fold bride solded out, with tears hysterical, "Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good-- by Laif ""

MORAL.

*Ye Coblenz maids, take warning by the rhyme, And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy

For fear of bigamy,

Only light up one taper at a time.

ADDRESS.

Figs. 1 not a sound! no whisper! no denum!
No restless motion—no intrusive stir!
Suf with staid presence and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to Death!

For now no faucied miseries bespeak
The panting boson, and the wetted check
No fabled Tempest, or diamatic wreck,
No Royal Sire wash'd from the mimic deck,
And dieged by Soa Nymphs to his birby grave!
Alas! deep, deep beneath the suiten wave,
His hear,, once warm and throbbing as your own,
Now cold and see close as the shingle stone:
His lips, so cloquent, clocked up with sand;
The hight eyeigh (2), sand the impressive hand,
ldly cutangled with the occan word see.
Full fathom five, a fivenumber mide of the

Yes! where the founder follows rave the while

Around the rocky Person and Holy Isle.

Deaf to their roat, as to the dear appliance.

That greets decreng he the Drama's close,

Blind to the horses that appal the bold.

To all he hope too thated, or loved, of old—

To love—and love's deep agony, ascent;

He, who could meet the passions, moved by none,

Drifts an unconstant course. Poor Eliton's race is the

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weer For him who shumber, in the orzy deep:

Mount for the dead!—yet not alone for him
O'et whom the comorant and gannet swim;
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float—

The cophan Seven—so prematurely hurl'd topin the billows of this stormy world, and struggling—save your pity take their part—with breakers huge enough to break the heart!

A DROP OF GIN.

'Gav! Gin! a drop of Gin!

What magnifi d monster chele therein!

Ragged, and stained with fith and haid,

Some plague spotted, and some with blood!

Shapes of misery, shame, and sind

Figures that molecules to the and tremble,

Creatures scarce human that more resemble

Broods of diabolical kin,

Ghost and vampyre, demon and Jin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!

The dram of Satur! the liquor of Sin!-

Distilled from the fell

Alembics of hell,

Guilt and Death,-his own brother and twin!-

That man might fall

Still lower than all

he meanest creatures with scale and fin.

But, hold ;-we are neither Barebones nor Prym

Who lashed with such rage

The sins of the age;

Then, instead of making too much of a din,

Let Anger be mute,

And sweet Mercy dilute,

With a drop of pity, the drop of Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!

When, darkly, Adversity's days set in,

And the friends and peers

Or earlie, years

Prove warm without, but cold within,

And cannot remace

A familiar face

That's steeped in poverty ap to the claim;

But snub, neglect, cold-howler, and ent. The ragged pauper, misfortune's but:

Hardly acknowledged by kith and kin,

Because, poor real

He has no cavat,

A seedy coat, and a hole in that:-

No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat;

Nor a change of linen-except his skin;

No gloves, no vest.

Either second or best;

And, wher is worse than all the rest,

No light heart, though his trousers are thin-

While time elopes

With all golden hopes,

And even with those of pewter and tin;

The brightest dreams,

And the best of schemes,

All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn.

Each castle in air

Seized by giant Despuir,

No prospect in life worth a minuillin pin;

No credit, no cash.

No cold mutton to ha h.

No bread--not even per does to much;

No coal in the cell n, no wine in the bin-

Smushed, broken to bits,

With judgments and writs:

Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,

In the webs that the spilers of Chancery spin—

Till, weary of life, its wonly and strife,

Black visions are rife of a razor, a knite; Of poison—a rope—"louping over a linu."

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!

then its tremendous temptations begin,

To take, alas!

To the fatal glass; -

and happy the wretch that does not win

To change the black hac

Of his ruin to "blue"__

426 THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

While angels sorrow, and demons grin—
And lose the rheumatic
Chill of his attic
By plunging into the Palace of Gin!

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our Saviour's naral day,
Charity's perennial treat:
Thus I heard + Proper say.—
"Ought not I to donce and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
II igno!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"After labour's long tunnoil, Sorry fore and frequent fast, Two-and-fifty weeks of toil, Pudding-time is come at last! But are raising high or low, Flour and suct charp or dear?

Heighto!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL. 427

"Fed upon the coarest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for one on viands rare,
Just as if I wasn't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer?
Heigho!

I hardly know— Christmas come but once a year.

"Treated like a well cm; guest,
One of Natiac's social chair,
Seated, to died on, and press'd =
But when shall I be press'd again.
Twice to pudding, their to be I,
A dozen time, to ale and bear?
Height?

1 hardly know— Christmas corres but once a year.

"Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and a age rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho!

I only know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

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"Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer?

Heigho! I hardly know—

I hardly know— Christmas comes but once a year

"Bright and blessel is the time,
Sorrows en land joy begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in l
But the happy tide to hail,
With a sigh or with a tear,
Theigho!
I hardly knew---

Christmas comes but once a year!"

THE LAY OF THE LARK.

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With dow upon its breast
And sunshine on its wing,
The lark uprose from its happy nest
And thus it seemed to sing:—

Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat
To meet the morning gray,
To leave the corn on a merry morn,
Nor have to curse the day,"

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With the dew upon their breast,
And the smilight on their wing.

Towards the skies from the furrows rise
The larks, and thus they ring:

"If you would know the cause
That makes us sing so gay.

It is because we hail and bless,
And never cause the day.

Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat
(#Bere lark our callow broad.)

Where we were haven'd, and fed

Amidst the corn on a very narry morn,
(We never starve for food.)

We never starve for bread!"

Those flowers so very blue Those poppies flaming red,

His heavy eye was glazed and dull, He only murmur'd "bread!"

VAUXHALL.

Come, come, I am very
Disposed to be merry—
So hey! for a wherry
I beckon and bawl!
'Tis dry, not a damp night,
And pleasure will tamp light
To music and lamp hight
At shining Vauxiodi!

Ay, here's the Cark portal— The cherk-taking morth. I pass, and turn hort all. At one on the blaze— Names famous in story, Lit up con amore, All faming in glocy, Distracting the gaze!

Oh mi name lies fallow—
Fame nover will hallow
In red light and yellow
Poetical toil—
I've long tried to write up
My name, and take flight up a
But ink will not light up
Like cotton and oil i

But sad thoughts, keep under!—
The painted Rotunder
Invites me. I wonder
Who's singing so clear?
'Tis Sinclair, high-flying,
Scotch ditties supplying;
But some hearts are sighing

How bright is the lustre,
How thick the folks muster,
And cagerby closter,
On bench and in box,—
Whilst Povey is waking
Sweet sounds, or the taking
Kate Stephens is shaking
Her voice and her locks!

For Dignum, I fe ir !

What chapping attends her!—
The white doe befriends her—
How Braham attends her
Away by the hand,
For Love to succeed her;
The Signor doth heed her,
And sigheth to lead her
Instead of the band!

Then out we all sany--

Like bees they all rally
Before the machine!—
But I am for tracing
The bright walks and facing
The groups that are pacing
To see and be seen.

How motley they mingle—
What men might one single,
And names that would tingle
Or tickle the car—
Fresh Chinese contrivers
Of letter—survivors
Of pawnbroker—direts
Beau Til back appear!

Such little and great men,
And civic and state men—
Coil etens and rate-men—
How pleasant to nod
To friends—to note fashions,
To make speculations
On people and passions—
To laugh at the odd!

To sup on true slices
Of ham—with fair prices
For fowl—while cool ices
And liquors abound—

To see Blackmore wander,
A small salamander,
Adown the rope yonder,
And light on the ground!

Oh, the fireworks are splendil!;
But darkness is blended—
Bright thing; are soon ended,
Fade quickly and tall!!
There goe the bet tochet!—
Some cash out of packet,
By stars in the tocket,
I perform Vaned dil!

A RECIPE-FOR CIVILISATION.

SureLy, those sages err who teach

That man is known from Lautes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not the inhuman from the human—
Or else might parrots claim a finity,
And dogs be doctors by Larienty.—
Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)

That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, the we
show the beat share gibberish of their own,
Since Esop's days have lost the key;

434 A RECIPE—FOR CIVILISATION."

Not yet to hint dumb men,-and, still, not Beasts that could gossip though they will not, But play at dummy like the monkeys, For fear mankind should make them flunkies. Neither can man be known by feature Or form, because so like a creature, That some grave men could never shape of Which is the aped and which the ape. Nor by his gait, nor by his height, Nor yet because he's black or white, But rational, - for so we call The only Cooking In war! The only one who tongs I Of dinner to the per or spot, For where the longer was histy, To put his ven'son in a pasty Ergo, by la de, we reoute, That I c who cook is not a boute,-But Equip brutten est, which racares, If a hore had sense to disoil his beans, Nay, no one but a horse would forage On maked outs instead of porridge, Whiel proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary, The difference is culmary. Further, as man is known by feeding From brites, - so men from men, in breeding Are still distinguished as they eat, And raw in manners, raw in meat.-

Look at the polish'd nations, hight The civilized—the most polite Is that which bears the praise of nations For dressing eggs two hundred fashions, Whereas, at savage feeders look,--The less refined the less they cook; From Tartai grooms that metely stinddle Across a steak and warm their addle, Down to the Mys mian squaw, That bolts her chop, and to lops raw, And, like a wild thast, care as listle To dress but he son a her victord-For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippers, Are beauty's sauces, spice, and appets, And not by chamble bodies put on, But those who roast and ball then made int So Eve and radan, were not bresses Because they lived on water-or ises, And till they learn'd to cook their credities, Went blind as beetles to their mulities. For niceness comes from th' inner side. (As an ox is drest before his hide.) And when the entrail loathes vulgarity The outward man will soon cull rainty, For 'tis th' effect of what we eat To make a man look like his meat, As insects show their food's complexions; Thus fopling clothes are like confections.

But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb, Would have an Abyssinian ox come? Or serve a dish of fricassees, To clodpoles in a coat of frieze? Whereas a black would call for buffalo Alive-- and, no doubt, eat the offal too. Now, (this premised) it follows then That certain culinary men Should in theo lorth with pans and spits To bring the heathers to their wit, (For all wise Scotches n of our century Know that first steps are alterestray; Yad, as we have proved, their pats and saucepara Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans); But Bunyan en'd to think the near gate To take man' over was battering Las rate, When recsen should have work of her course is mon of war do-wheat their foce Can't take a fown by on a concre. They steal an entry with its forage, What reverend bishop, for example, Could pread hourd Apis from his temple? Whereas a cook would soon puscat him. And make his own charchwardens cat him. Not Irving could convert those vermin Th' Authropophages, by a sermon; Whereas your Osborne, in a trice, Woold "take a shin of beef and spice,"

And raise them such a savoury smother, No negro would devour his brother, But turn his stomach round as loth As Persians, to the old 'black' broth.-For knowledge oftenest makes an entry, As well as true love, thro' the pantry, Where beaux that come at first for feeding Grow gallant men and get good breeding .-Exempli gratia - in the West. Ship-traders say there are most Lined with black patrice, like a tookery, But coarse a come a crow- at clokery .--This race, thomse new call d.O. Y. E. men, (To show they are more than A. B. C. men.) Was once so ignorant of our kninks They laid their mats upon their backs And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon On trees that baked them in the sunshine. As for their bodies, they were coated, (For painted things are so denoted;) But-the naked truth is-stark primevals, That said their prayers to timber devils, Allow'd polygamy-dwelt in wigwams-And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.-And why? - because their savage nook Had ne'er been visited by Cook,-And so they fared till out great chief, Brought them, not Methodists, but beef

In tubs .- and taught them how to live, Knowing it was too soon to give, Just then, a homily on their sins, (For cooking ends ere grace begins,) Or hand his tracts to the untractable Till they could keep a more exact table-For nature has her proper courses, And wild men must be back'd like horses. Which lockers know, are never fit For riding till they've had a bit I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle, You may frot them to a talactiscle, Ergo (I say) be first made of agrees In the heathen mades, by kitchen ranges, , And taught the king's cook, by convincing Process, that chewing was not minering, And in her black for thrust a bandle Of tracts absidged from Classe and Randell, Where, ere she had to a beyond Welsh rabbits, She saw the sparen so of her babits, And round her joins put on a striped Towel, where fingers might be wiped, And then her breast clothed like her ribs. (For aprons lead of course to bibs,) Amby the time she had got a meat-Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat-As for her gravics and her sauces, (Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,)

Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
"And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon!—

SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.

"Ham. The air bite show lly --it i very cold.

How. It is a nipping and an eager air."—Hamlet.

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal milliness cone!"

Oh! Thomson, cond or thy ne as well as rea on,
How couldst thou thus poor forman nature hum?

There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her blowns as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing.

And be her tuneful hareates and upholders,

Who do not feel as if they had a Spring

Pour'd down their shoulders!

Let others eulogise her floral shows,

From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so to
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primtose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!

And fair its early building: and its blowings—
But just suppose Con-emption's seeds appear

With other sowing:

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a penial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Crested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,

To me all vernal luxuries are fables,

Oh! where's the Spring in a rheumatic leg,

Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony, - I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that Great Agitator
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

THE VOLUNTEER.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on !—
Spring mild and gentle !—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyries lie
In fylsome odes too many to oc cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

THE VOLUNTEER.

Twas in that memorable year
France threaten'd to put off in
Flat-bottom'd boats intending each
To be a British coffin,
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orrhan—

When coats were made of scallet cloaks,
And heads were dredg'd with flour,
I 'listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
Against the battle hom;
A perfect Volunteer—for why?
I brought my " will and pow'r."

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, over-cast—
About the hour of six, (the morn
And I were breaking fast,)
There came a loud and sudden sound,
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll, That was not to be caten: Although it was no skin of mine, But parchment, that was beaten, I felt tattoo'd through all my flesh, Like any Otaheit at.

My jaws with utter dead envlosed. The morsel I was naudring,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching.
All through my briad and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at innching.

My hand that held the tea-pot fast, Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with tea,
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot;
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

国際経済の議論を展別的ないまいというとう ちんち マバイ・カー・ウ・マイン

And looking forth with anxious eye, From my snug upper story 1 saw our melancholy corps, Going to beds all gare; The pione is secred very both To axe their way to glory.

The captain march'd as mounters march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging.
And many more although they were
No ensigns took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of death Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, "Since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on;"—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one;
Let those that have no homes at all,
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection, by a strong one.

For there while I was won't to shave, And deck me like Ador's,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican that Death himself,
The Bory of all Donles.

A horrid sight it was, and sad To see the grisly chap Put on my crimson livery, And then begin to clap My helmet on—ah me! it felt Like any felon's cap. 'My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the viul: —
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting balt.

This funeral show inclined me quite
To peace; - and here I and!
Whilst better lions go to w.a.
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthened life, that might have been
A Martial Epogram.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,

Tow well to rise while nights and lacks are flying—

For my part getting up seems not so easy

By half as lying

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to use at such a fly?

I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,

The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes

A bed of time.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought, His steeds that paw impatiently about,— Let them enjoy, say l. a houses ought, The first transout!

Right beautiful the dewy measts appear Besprinkled by the rosy-finger'd girl: What then,—If I profer my pillow beer To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
"Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?"

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
'A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,

And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;

But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be

"All up—all up!"

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
'Till something means to the stroke of noon;

A man that's fond precoclously of stirring,

Must be a speco.

LOVE LANE.

If I should love a maiden more, And woo her ev'ry hope to crown. Pd love her all the county o'er, But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,
That held a hornet's nest within,
To Ellen on my knees I sank.—
How snakes will twine around the shin!

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,
And gave my heart a backward tug;
Noi was I cheer'd when she observed,
Whilst I was silent,—"What a slug!"

At length my offer I preferr'd And Hope a kind reply forbode— Alas! the only sound I heard Was, "What a horrid ugly toad!"

I vow'd to give her all my heart, To love her till my life took leave, And painted all a lover's smart— Except a wasp gone up his sleeve!

But when I ventured to abide Her father's and her mother's grants— Sudden, she started up, and cried, "O dear! I am all over ants!"

Nay, when beginning to beseech The cause that led to my rebuff, The answer was as strange a speech, "A Daddy-Longlegs sure enough!"

I spoke of fortune—house,—and lands, And still renew d the warm attack,— "Tis vain to offer ladies hands That have a spider on the back!

LOVE LANE.

"The vain to talk of hopes and fears, And hope the least reply to win, From any maid that stops her ears In dread of earwigs creeping in!

"Tis vain to call the dearest names
Whilst stoats and weazels startle by—
As vain to talk of mutual flames,
To one with glow-worms in her eye!

What check'd me in my fond address, And knock'd each pretty image down! What stopp'd my Ellen's faltering Yes? A caterpillar on her gown!

To list to Philomel is sweet— To see the Moon rise silver-pale,— But not to kneel at Lady's feet And crush a rival in a snail!

Sweet is the eventide, and kind Its zephyr, balmy as the south; But sweeter still to speak your mind Without a chafer in your mouth!

At last, embolden'd by my bliss,
Still fickle Fortune play'd me foul,
For when I strove to snatch a kiss
She scream'd—by proxy, through an owl!

Then, Lovers, doom'd to life or death, Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats.
Lest you should have in selfsame breath
To bless your fate—and curse the gnats!

THE DESERT-BORN.

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."—Lady Hrsten Standorn.
Twas in the wil ds of Lebauon, amongst its barren hills.—
To think upon it, even now, my vety blood it chills!—

My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,

I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,

The plumy palms, the semble firs the cedars tall and proud. -- * * ***

When lot a shadow ras d across the paper like ; cloud,

And looking up 1 saw a form, apt figure for the scene,
Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen

The turban on her head was white as any driven and A purple bandalette past o'er the lofty brow below.

And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either in the car;

In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachange

Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe

Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk :

Met oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath

gorgeous Persian tunie, rich with many a broider'd wreath.

*Compelled by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to

And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet!

Of course I bow'd my lowest bow-of all the things on earth,

The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth.

To power, to wealth, to genius, or to anything uncommon,

A man should bend the lowest in a Desert to a ... Woman!

Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague
and undefined,

Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul

There was 2 something in her air that drew the spirit

Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's

With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar

- I bow'd my forehead to the earth, and kiss'd the wild sand;
- And then I touch'd her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,
- Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.
- Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,
- She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race;
- "Welcome!" she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet;
- "It was ordain'd that you and I should in this desert meet!
- Ay, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars, This interview was promised in the language of the stars!
- Then clapping, as the Easterns' wont, her all-commanding hands,
- A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the
- Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my vest
- They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.
- "Fear nought," exclaim'd the radiant one, as I appears
 off aloof.
- "Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's hoof!

Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth, And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth."

Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited a

She cried, "Go bring the BEAUTHUL—for lo! the MAN is here!"

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Ar woofs could fiee,

 But Fancy fond out-raced them all, with bridle loose and free,

And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian bride,

Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for sultan's side;

Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes , beneath,

Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth.

A swan-like neck, a shoulder round, full bosom and a

Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.

Methought—but here, alas! alas! the airy dream to

blight.

Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white!
To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse:

Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me fat

Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,

I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giants

Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds;—

As for a war-horse, he that can bestride one is a hero,

Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero

With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of legs.

Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!

His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of breath—

Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of Death?

Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine

plied:

To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense sup-

"Mount, happy man, and run away with your Arabian bride!"

Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I spoke,

Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a jeke, So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

"Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be boris."
Or any of its Ridings, this would be a blessed more a

But, hapless one! I cannot ride—there's something in a

pheak still more commercially, in riding I am quite terms to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight: in legal phrase, for every class to understand me still, never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will;

Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle. In short," and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my head full low.

"I'm' one of those whose infant years have heard the chimes of Bow?"

The lady smiled, as hours smile, adown from Furkish skie

And beams of cruel kindness shone within her bazel eyes; "Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest dearest friend.

There's something in your eyes, your air, and that high

That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of

Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your

The East is is your country! Like an infant changed

By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse;

But this—these desert sands—these palms, and coders waving wild,

All, all, adopt thee as their own-an oriental child-

The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soom or later no doubt,

The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out!

I read the starry characters—and lo! 'tis written there,'

Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this Mare,

A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal mould,

Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was foal'd!"

And truly-I devoutly wish'd a blast of the Simoom

Had stifled her!—the Mare herself rippear'd to mock my doom;

With many a bound she caper'd cound and round me

I fear'd indeed some wild cares: would end the featful prance,

And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was horrid!—

Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead!

On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands up raised in prayer,

I begg'd the turban'd Sultaness the issue to forbear;

f minted weeping orphan babes around a widow'd wife.

And drew my death as vividly as others do from life.

"Behold," I said, "a simple man, for such high feats

Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from

Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian

Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the will."

Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my
appeal!

"Fear nothing," said the smiling Fate, "when human help is vain,

Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the

Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark l
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the
wild

But for a Mare of such descent would barter wife and

"Nay then," cried I—(heaven shrive the lie!) " to tell the secret truth,

Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!

- A playful child, so full of life! a little fair hair d
- His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's dailing
- Ah me! the frantic shrick she gave! I hear it ringing now!
- That hour upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;
- A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse.
- That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living horse!"
- Good heaven! to see the angry glance that flash'd upon me now!
- A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were op my brow!
- I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accurred Mare.
- And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the sultry air.
- How lion like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tzil;
- While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale!
- How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,
- As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly!
- While with her hoof she scoop d the sand as if before all gave
- My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave

THE DESERT-BORN.

And I that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play,

Of hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden neigh-

Whose foot within a stible door had never stood an princh-

Whose hand to get a living see d would feel an awful fluich -

I that had never thrown a legacross a gony small.

To scour the pathles i or not traile to fithe tall!

For oh! it is not be let every lod I can to the restless legacing in two cases long as we on I saw.

then 't'

In agony I shok -- nd y 111 Lon cong ald by fears

My blood wall sling fast to julief i es in my ears,

I gasp da if in vieuo and thilling wind spair

Some secret Demon seem d to pay his fingers th ough my hair.

I could not stir-I could not speak -I could not even

A sadden must rose up between this awful Mare and

I tried to pray, but found no words—the ready ripe to weep,

No tear would flow,—o'er ev ry sense a swoon began to greep,— When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once units the brunt,

Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,

And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strike forlorn,

I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born !

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight

Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerre ajar—
"Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his guidance
to his star!"

"Allah! il Allah!" rose the shout—and starting with a bound.

The dreadful Creature clear'd at once a dozen yards of ground;

And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands,

Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting sands!
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,
For turn whichever way we might, the wind with aquain

Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to sur

THE DESERT-BORN.

One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,

The next it only mumur'd like the humming of a bee!

And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,

Oh, he'er shall I forget the whill that m t the dizzy sense!

What seem'd a little sprig of fein, are lips could reckon twain,

A palm of forty cult high we puted it on the plain;

What tengue could till—what ye colly aint—what pen describe the rank ?

Now off- now on 1 w up- n w down -- and flung from 1 le + 3 de !

I tried to speak, I us had no voice to so the her with its

My scanty breigh was jelted on with many a udden groan-

My joints were tack d-my back was t un'd, so firmly I had clung-

My nostrils gusled, and thrice my teeth had bitten through my tongu —

When lo!-farewell all hope of life! -she turn'd and faced the rocks,

None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite blocks!

So thought I, but I little knew the desert pride and fire, Derived from a most deer-like dam, and kon-hearted sire; Little I puess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone.

Bound after bound with eager springs, she clear'd each

Bound after bound with eight spirigs, she clear'd each massive stone, -

Nine mortal leafs wire in a d before a huge grey rock at length

Stood planted there as if to date hir utmost pitch of strength-

My time we come! that grade has my monument of death!

She jau i he snielor ill indidrew a fuller breith

Name strikes aud the a u r if that warn'd me of d spurg

If It her might by the arte on tewm -

Bus clitthe run to loul ck the multion spark aroun

Her hi m t i i i i t tuck the cost of that prodia us in

Will slock defect after Pectar in more classe it was

One so i m and Min und Marc roll'd breathless on the earth!

Flow 1 mg it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense.

And then but to endure the panga of agony intense,

For over m lay powerle a and still as any stone,

The Cor c that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, \$
 its own

. THE BACHELORS DREAM.

heart was still—my pulses stopp d—midway 'twiat life and death,

With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the frigment of a breath.

Not vital air enough t frame one short and feeble sigh,

Yet even that I I ith I because it would not learne die.

Oh slowly, slowly, lowly or from starry night till
more.

Time flappd along with leader will across that

T carsed the hour tine trough me first within this

A sore ard be you to see the after flife-

But who hash I it - I i - w - t - i I e - hi labouring breast?

Why any vh his lid lik m th NiC 11 VIARE on his liet

THE BACHFLOR'S DRI AM

My pipe is I t my glog is mix I,
My curtains diawn an I all is snug,
Old Puss is in her clbc w ch ir,
And Tray is sitting or the jug
Last night I had a cuit us licam,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistr ss Mogg—
What d'ye tlink of that my Cat?
What d ye think of that, my Dog?

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come! But tête-à-têtes must still defer! When Susan came to live with me, Her mother came to live with her! With sister Belle she couldn't part, But all my ties had leave to jog— What d'ye think of that, my Cat! What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—A monkey, too, what work he made? The sister introduced a Beau—My Susan brought a favourite maid—She had a tabby of her own,—A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—What d'ye think of that, my Cat? What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

THE BACHELORS DREAM

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue:
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog.—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer "Deary," "Duck," and "Love," I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—she could not bear that Mister Blogg—What d'ye think of that, my Cat!
What d'ye think of that, my Dog!

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fooll**
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent cont—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To lops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat!
What d'ye thing of that, my Dog?

THE ENIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

As the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Quee there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel
Out of every man's meal
Fronk a very entortionate multure.

THE ENIGHT AND THE DRACON

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As "Your High-and-well-born" address'd daily
Though Judge Park in his wig
Would have deemed him a prig,
Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!—
How antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man, and the crime,
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful woman
Will recel with delight
The wild keep, and its Knight,
Who was quice as much tiger as human!

New it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our tourists declare so amazing!

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

And its banks, so divine;
And its banks, so divine;
Act with no admiration or wonder,
But the goat of a thicf,
As a more modern chief
Looked on London, and cried "What a plunder!"

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
'He collected rare tribute and presents;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard poor-rates from all the poor peasants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toil ome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

The the warders out!" the Knight cried,
To the warders outside—
But the hound at his feet gave a grumble!
And in scrambled the knaves,
Take fendality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

270 THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON

"Now for boorish complaints!

Grant me patience, ye Saints!"

Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;

When the baldest old man

Thus his story began,

With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives.
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all We possess, great or small, Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows; Of our mares and their color, Of our crofus, and our holts, Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrow

"Noble Lord of the soil.

Of its corn and its oil,
Oi its wine, only fit for such gentles!
Of our cream and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and leastly

Sovian Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

"We are truly perplex'd,
We are frighted and vex'd,
'Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted:
We are ruined and curst
By the fiercest and worst
Of all robbers that ever existed!"

"Now by Heav'n and this light!"
In a rage cried the Knight,
"For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscall'd!"
Quoth the man that was bald,
"Not your Honour we mean, but a Griffin.

*For our herds and our flocks
He lays wait in the rocks,
And jumps forth without giving us warning:
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four tambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning!"

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Then the High-and-well-born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
"Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton?
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and theirs dams—
If I hate any meat, it is mutton!"

"Nay, your Worship," said then The most bald of old men, "For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil, If the merciless Beast Did not oftentimes feast On the Piggims, and people that travel."

"Feast on what," cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glisten'd bright
With the most diabilical flashes—
"Does the Beast dare to prev
On the road and highway?
With our proper diversion that clashes!"

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, " to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young virgin is thrown to the Griffin!

Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark
Rivard the Knight, frowning dark,
With an eath that was awful and bitter:
"A young maid to his dish!
Why, what mere could he wish,
If the Beast were High-born, and a Ritter!

"Now, by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our maners!"

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow,
The glad peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tippled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder;
But, ere hattle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON

"Double bolted and barr'd
"Let each gate have a guard"—
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)
"And be sure, without fault,
No one enters the vault
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark oubliette

Let you merchant forget

That he e'er had a bark richly laden—
And that desperate youth,

Our own rival forsooth!

Just indulge with a kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the J.-w
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;
And deliver car word
To you sullen caged bird,
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!

Thereupon, cap-à-pic,
As a champion should be,
With the bald headed peasant to guide him
On his war-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him;

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villanous tavorn.
Set the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough
The foul monster coil'd up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drage the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the beast and his grotto:"
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the monster his tail disentangle
From each tortnous coil,
With a sudden turnoil,
And rush forth the dead peasan; to mangle

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With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly!
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes
On the tips of his toes
To the greedy and slumbering savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke.
Kills the beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength.
That gorged serpent they call the constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
in lethargical sleep,
Falls a proy to his Hottentot victor.

"Twas too easy by half!"
Said the Knight with a laugh;
"But as nobody witness'd the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Wintfred's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON. 477

Then he chopped off the head
Of the monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;
And, with hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogg'd proud as sultin or Sophi!

Blessed Saints' what a rout
When the news flow about,
And the carcese was fetch'd in a waggon;
What an outery rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Diagon"

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shours for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

Still the fight was the tuxt,
"Twas a theme for the minstiels to brag on !
And the vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

The next night, and the next,

478 THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frobs at free quarters;
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights
To the vill gers' wives and then daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenish d the flagon
And the vassals st od by
But more weak was the cry —
"Live Sir O to what in in hit the Drage"

Down agun ank the un,
Nor we creek is yet done—
But as if eviry muth his ragion
Thoreh the vasals drut
Deta worder esound
Off Sir Oto who vanquihd the Dragon!"

There was feasing 1 ft

But through tilla, so oft

Down tek wither was waiting and hunger,

As diffiction ran cold,

And the fod of the old

It was wolfishly snatch'd by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where's the wonder at List
If the peasants quite alter'd their motte?—
And with one loud accord
Cried out "Would to the Lord,
That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto!"

DECEMBER AND MAY.

Said Nestor, to his pretty wift, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes
away?

You ought to be more fortified; " "Ah, brute, be quiet, do,

I know I'm not so forty fied, not fiftyfied, as you!

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me you swore, and I---I took you at your
word

I was a tradesman's wildow then—a pretty change I've made;

To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,

You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;

Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."

"Why, ye-," she said, "and so I do -but you're not old enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive,

I'll be the best of men,—I mean,—I'll be the best alive!
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
"I thank ye, bir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the
more!"

RONDEAU.

To-DAY, it is my natal day,
And threescore years have passed away,
While Time has turned to silver-gray
My hairs.

Pursuing pléasure, love, and fun,
A longish course I've had to run,
And, thanks to Fortune, I have won
My hares.

But now, exhausted in the race,
No longer 1 can go the pace,
And others must take up the chase,
My heirs.

SONNET TO A SONNET.

RARE Composition of a Poet-Knight,
Most chivalrous amongst chivalric men,
Distinguish'd for a polish'd lance and pen
In tuneful contest, and the tourney-fight;
Lustrous in scholarship, in honour bright,
Accomplish'd in all graces current then,
Humane as any in historic ken,
Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite,
Most courteous to that race become of late
So fiercely scornful of all kind advance,
Rude, bitter, coarse, implacable in hate
To Albion, plotting ever her mischance,
Alas! fair Verse, how false and out of date
Thy phrase "squeet enemy" applied to France

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.

on his departure for america.

PSHAW, away with leaf and berry, And the sober-sided cup! Bring a goblet, and bright sherry, And a bumper fill me up! 3

Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!

Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz:
Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a sale at home!

May he shun all rocks whatever!
And each shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works.

TO SAMBO.

Come all ye sable little girls and boys,
Ye coal-black Brothers—Sooty Sisters, come,
With kitry-katries make a joyful noise;
With snaky-snekies, and the Eboe drum!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Play, Sambo, play,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,
Your own Moor's Melodies, ye niggers, bring
To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,
Sing "Possum up a gum-tree," roar and sing!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Gbaunt, Sambo, chaunt,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Bring all your woolly pickaninnies dear—
Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang:
Stretch ev'ry blubber-mouth from ear to ear,
And let the driver in his whip go hang!
From this day forth your freedom is your own a
Grin, Sambo, grin,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Your working garb indignantly renounce;
Discard your slops in honour of the day—
Come all in fill, and furbelow, and flounce,
Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Dress, Sambo, dress,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Come, join together in the dewy dance,
With melting maids in steamy mazes go;
Humanity delights to see you prance,
Up with your sooty legs and jump Jim Crow—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Skip, Sambo, skip,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,
And take black Phoebe by her ample waist—
Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,
And Love and Liberty must be embraced—
From this day forth your freedom is your own;
Kiss, Sambo, kiss,—and, Obadiah, groan!

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come!

Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeiva, limes,
Whole tanks and water-barrels full of rum,
To toast the whitest date of modern times—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Drink, Sambo, dink—and, Obadiah, groan!

Talk, altogether, talk! both old and young.

Pour out the fulness of the negro heart;

Let loose the now emancipated tongue,

And all your new-born sentiments impart—

From this day forth your freedom is your own:

Spout, Sambo, spout,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Huzza! for equal rights and equal laws;

The British parliament has doff'd your chain—
Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,

And swear you never will be slaves again—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Swear, Sambo, swear,—and, Obadiah, groan!